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Contents

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS 621
EDITORIALS:
"Vote as You Drink" 624
The White Menace 625
Pullman Porters 625
On Contemporary Literature 626
AMERICANIZATION. By Hendrik van Loon 627
THE NATIONAL STRIKE IN GREAT BRITAIN. By J. Ramsay MacDonald 628
TAKING THE DEVIL OUT OF THE DEVIL DOGS. By William Hard 629
YIDDISH—A CHILDLESS LANGUAGE. By Alter Brody 631
IN THE DRIFTWAY. By the Drifter 633
CORRESPONDENCE 633
INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS SECTION:
USSR Declines an Invitation 635
Chinese Communists 635

SUMMER BOOK SECTION

CATULLUS IN VERONA. By Ludwig Lewisohn 637
THE TRUE WOODROW WILSON. By Oswald Garrison Villard 639
CAFE. By Witter Bynner 641
BOOKS:
First Glance. By Mark Van Doren 641
A British Jefferson. By Clarence Walworth Alvord 642
The Long Shadow. By Stuart Chase 642
American Plan. By Johan J. Smertenko 644
Portrait of Spain. By Alice Beal Parsons 645
The Next War. By John Haynes Holmes 646
Indian Agent Sense. By Hartley Alexander 647
Dated. By Llewelyn Powys 648
The Minoan Religion. By Jane E. Harrison 648
Alta California. By Talbot Faulkner Hamlin 649
Books in Brief 651

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CONUNDRUM: When, in the eyes of the bankers, is government ownership good and when is it bad? *Answer:* When they have an investment meeting its bond interest and paying dividends on the stock, the mere proposal that the government take over the property is socialism if not bolshevism, un-American, destructive of individual initiative and enterprise, a blow at the sacred institution of private property. But, when you are losing money on a bad investment and see no prospect of making it pay, government ownership is right, just, equitable, in accordance with sound common sense and wise public policy. An exaggeration? Not at all. The Cape Cod Canal situation is a perfect illustration of the correctness of these definitions. Undertaken by the late August Belmont and a syndicate in which Mr. John W. Weeks's firm was believed to be interested, the canal was built by private capital in the belief that rich rewards were in sight. Never did bankers make a bigger blunder. The canal is a commercial failure, has paid no dividends, has not earned its bond interest nor enough money to provide adequate upkeep. What to do? Why, unload it on Uncle Sam and so rescue the poor widows who own millions of the bonds. All attempts to pass a special bill through Congress having failed, the bankers, who are so ordinarily desperately anxious to keep the government out of private business, have now got this into the Rivers and Harbors Bill—to the tune of eleven million dollars. Mr. Coolidge is willing, and the bill is up for passage. A few peculiar radical Senators are seeking to throw this item out. No wonder Wall Street and the Republican machine hate them!

IN SPITE OF HIS NAPOLEONIC POISE and his militaristic inclinations, Joseph Pilsudski is neither a strong man nor is he carved from that kind of wood of which dictators are made. He could have been dictator of Poland years ago, but instead of clinching the supreme power he stepped aside of his own will. He could be dictator, even king, of Poland today; and the romantic Poles, thirsting for medieval glory, would frantically hail him on the throne of Sobiesky. But he clings to the political ideas of his youthful days, to constitutionalism, parliamentarism, democracy. Having thwarted the ambitions of General Sikorski for a Fascist dictatorship of his own, he will try to work with the twenty-one parties of the Polish Diet, within the constitutional form of government. And this means that the internal chaos in Poland will continue with only a slight shift to the Left. At the bottom of Poland's trouble lies the fact that she is not a united country, but three different territories which have lived separately and under different conditions for one hundred and fifty years. The former Congress-Poland, which suffered under the bloody rule of the Czars, stands culturally on an incomparably lower level than Galicia, where the Poles lived in freedom under the Austrian regime, and Posnania, where the Germans stamped out illiteracy and introduced highly efficient Western methods in business life. Since the Polish Republic was established, the practical political power has been exercised from Russian Poland, with its inheritance from fifteen decades of grafting, lazy Russian rule.

A GERMAN AIRPLANE landed in Paris on May 26, and was received, according to the correspondents, without ceremony—quite naturally, since it was a passenger plane, the first of the new daily service between Paris and Berlin which resulted from the International Air Conference. There are other signs of a conscious attempt to establish normal connections between the two capitals through a medium even more tenuous than air. A few months ago Thomas Mann, the distinguished German novelist who is known in this country chiefly as the author of "The Buddenbrooks," was invited to lecture in Paris. He went—for the first time in fourteen years—and was heartily received by some of France's leading intellectuals. His lecture on understanding between France and Germany was followed by prolonged applause. A week later another event occurred, which has been described in the International Relations Section of a previous issue of *The Nation.* In celebration of the birthday of Romain Rolland, the German branch of the Women's International League

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for Peace and Freedom presented to the French association a gift of trees, which were planted in a children's playground in Arras, over a former line of trenches. Commerce of this sort between the two peoples can do more to blot out trenches than yards of diplomatic haggling at Geneva.

PRINCE LOUIS WINDISCHGRAETZ and the Budapest chief of police, Emery Nadossy, have been sentenced to four years' imprisonment for their attempt to wreck the Bank of France and restore monarchy in Hungary with forged francs. But the Government of Hungary, which knew all about this gigantic conspiracy, still stands; and the trial was conducted not as an effort to punish criminals but as a patriotic demonstration. The crime that wounded the judge was that of the Dutch officials and French detectives who uncovered the conspiracy; he had only respect for the "patriotic motives" of the forgers. Those who could not be saved were sacrificed to placate the French; the "higher-ups" were protected. Count Paul Teleki, former premier of Hungary, lecturer at Williamstown, and president of the Cartographic Institute, where the francs were forged, confessed that two years ago Prince Windischgraetz told him of the plot, whereupon he introduced to him Gerö, the institute's technical expert, who helped the forgers; but Count Teleki goes scot-free. Bishop Zadravecz, close friend of Admiral Horthy, confessed that he administered a solemn oath to the plotters and concealed the bogus francs in his apartment; but he was not even indicted. Gabriel Baross, director of the Postal Savings Bank, who admitted lending Windischgraetz money expressly to finance the counterfeiting, was acquitted. Personal letters from the Premier, Count Bethlen, were produced, dated prior to exposure of the plot and mentioning it. But the peculiar course of Hungarian "justice" took its way. And the French are unlikely to demand further probing. Why should they? One of the incidental revelations of the trial was the suggestion that one of the plotters had helped the French forge marks during the Ruhr invasion!

WALTER DURANTY of the New York *Times*, which cannot be said to entertain any undying affection for the Soviet Government, has just cabled some interesting figures from Moscow. The average number of freight cars handled per day in April, 1926, shows a 53 per cent increase over April, 1925. Coal output has increased 118 per cent, metal products and iron ore 117 per cent, and timber 69 per cent in the same period. Spring building is on in full swing in Moscow, "which has given not only greater animation to the city but has largely reduced unemployment." Labor is at a premium in the rural districts this season. The clothing of the city population shows marked improvement. "For the first time, too, there has been carried out a really drastic program of reduction in overhead and other expenses. The total savings thus brought about are estimated to amount to half a billion rubles annually, which is perhaps over-optimistic, being 12 per cent of the entire Soviet Union budget. But that sweeping economies have been effected there is no doubt. . . . It may fairly be said that Russian industrial production increased 30 per cent compared to last year, and proportionate costs were decreased 20 per cent." It would appear that America is not the only country with a prosperity wave or that large corporate enterprise is not the sole method for producing it.

"FORTY MOROS KILLED," reads a newspaper dispatch. Governor Wood, it appears, has given orders to "exterminate" the rebel Moros in Lanao Province in the Philippines, and Colonel Luther R. Stevens, U. S. A., is at work. "General Wood twice visited Lanao last year," the Associated Press tells us, "to make peace with the Moro *datos* or chieftains. Both attempts failed and in May, 1925, a campaign similar to the present one had partial success." Stick that dispatch on the file, brother-editors; and remember it the next time you receive a story from one of the professional opponents of Filipino independence, telling how the Moros love General Wood and beg for continuance of American rule.

THE SLOW WEEKS of the textile strike in Passaic and the neighboring towns pull by with no hope for a settlement emerging. Delegations to Washington have called upon Senators, hearings have been held, a bill has been introduced providing for an investigation of the entire textile industry, citizens of the mill towns have formed committees and adopted resolutions and held meetings and parades —but the strike goes on. The most energetic moves have been made by a committee of the Associated Societies and Parishes of Passaic and Vicinity who have offered mediation and put forward proposals for a settlement. Stubbornly the mill owners have rejected all suggestions, issuing moralistic manifestos against the United Front Committee and the whole idea of industrial unionism and offering in stead the alternative of separate company unions in each plant. The strike committee pointedly inquires: "When did the company union ever fight for an increase of wages? When did the company union ever fight for shorter hours?" This is, from their point of view, a sufficient answer. The workers are determined to achieve a permanent organization in an industry which needs it more sorely than any other. They are prepared to stay out as long as may be necessary. But they can never fight the deadly combination of slack work and a powerful employing group without the help of every sympathizer in and out of the trade unions. A meeting at Passaic on Saturday, May 29, of 200 delegates sent from organizations as far west as Detroit and Chicago, voted to support the strike with all the strength of their 500,000-odd members and to raise funds for continued relief. The strikers need money and clothing; these may be sent to the Strikers' Relief Committee, at 799 Broadway, New York City, or to strike headquarters at 743 Main Avenue, Passaic, New Jersey.

WITH ENGLAND passing through one of the most desperate crises in all her history because of coal, with the black winter of the anthracite strike behind us and an almost certain bituminous strike in front of us, Congress still refuses to do anything of the slightest value about coal. Representative Fish has warned the President that if no action comes before adjournment the Republican Party will suffer in the November elections. Much as it would grieve us to see the Republican Party suffer, the suffering of a whole nation which must inevitably follow a policy of truckling to mine operators is an even more serious issue. The Senate has passed the Copeland bill calling for a certain amount of innocuous fact-finding and emergency mediation. The Coal Commission in 1922 told us plainly what to do. But neither Mr. Coolidge nor Congress dare to do it. With the lesson and the warning of England striking them be

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tween the eyes, they steadfastly refuse to learn anything by experience.

THE COMMISSION headed by George Gordon Battle which Governor Smith appointed in 1924 to head off a strike in the New York garment trades has recently handed down its report. It is an intelligent report. It recommends increases in wages of from $2.50 to $6 a week, bringing the maximum group—the skirt operators—up to $52. It does not recommend the 40-hour week which was one of the union's objectives, but it places the responsibility for a good share of the chaos and waste in the industry squarely upon the shoulders of the jobbers, where it belongs, and where the International Ladies' Garment Workers have said it belongs. The commission finds that the average working year is 26.8 weeks out of the 52 in the smaller shops, so great is the factor of seasonal fluctuation. Annual earnings accordingly are declared to be "distressingly small." Seventy-five per cent of the trade is in the smaller shops. Jobbers buy materials, then let out the actual manufacturing to the small shop—playing one off against the other. The jobber thus dodges all responsibility for labor conditions, while the shop boss is scrambling in and out of bankruptcy too fast to do anything constructive himself. It is a cutthroat game in which all hope of a regularized industry, a balanced seasonal load, proper working conditions, is utterly lost. The commission wants to make the jobber responsible to the union. He ought to be.

DELEGATES TO THE CONVENTION of the Pennsylvania Federation of Labor, against the recommendation of their Resolutions Committee, recently adopted by an overwhelming vote a resolution condemning the Citizens' Military Training Camps and calling upon their federation officers to wage a state-wide campaign against them. The resolution had been introduced by an inarticulate Polish miner, a man without the eloquence necessary to rescue the resolution from the quiet grave to which the committee had consigned it. From an unexpected quarter, the president's chair, its defender sprang. Briefly and quietly, but magnificently, James H. Maurer gave his reasons for differing with the Resolutions Committee. "War is wholesale murder," he said. "Its underlying cause is the quest for profit. It is my belief that the labor movement ought to declare itself unalterably opposed to all wars and all preparation for war. If the big capitalists want wars, let them do the fighting themselves." In the full hour of debate that followed most of the speakers were overseas men, many of them miners. A few of them opposed the resolution with an ardor that the best Legionnaire would have applauded; but most of the speakers expressed strongly, even bitterly, their opposition to the whole war system, and their belief that the workers should actively oppose such sinister developments as the training camps. When the question was put, the vote was four to one in favor of the adoption of the resolution. The most thrilling feature of the whole proceeding was its spontaneity. The matter arose suddenly; each man spoke what was in his mind, and voted likewise.

THE CONTINUED RELUCTANCE OF the Republican Administration to return alien property taken over during the war impugns its good faith. The Mills bill met objection from some of the Democrats, looking for political capital, in the fact that it provided that American claims should be paid from the Treasury and from the proceeds of a bond issue as a condition of the release of the alien property. The Treasury was to be reimbursed from Dawes Plan payments. To the return of the property very little objection has been raised and the purpose to do so has won almost unanimous approval from the financial world and intelligent public opinion generally. Those features of the Mills bill which were open to objection have now been materially altered under the terms of the revised Newton bill. This bill also has had the support of the Treasury Department. No money is to be taken from the Treasury, no bonds are to be issued. The American claims against Germany are to be paid from the interest accrued prior to 1923 on the alien-property fund, and from the Dawes reparation payments already in the hands of Mr. Parker Gilbert in Berlin. Together these come to 36 million dollars. For the balance the larger claimants, who have consented to abandon the continued running of interest on their claims, have agreed to take participation certificates in future payments to come to the United States under the Dawes Plan. They thus assume the risks of the Dawes Plan, which under the Mills bill the government was to bear. The only objections that are still heard come from unmitigated German-haters, who happen also to be World Courters and Leaguers. It is strange to find that these gladiators for international law on a practical issue have little compunction about assassinating international law.

WE HASTEN TO ANNOUNCE—before all our New York subscribers shall have had time to tell us—that we have discovered that broadcasting station WMCA is not, as we stated, owned by the Young Men's Christian Association but by the McAlpin Hotel. Its slogan is "Where the White Way Begins" and its initials are doubtless its only point of resemblance with the more pious organization to which we attributed it. We are sure, however, that neither the hotel nor the Y. M. C. A. will bear us any grudge: the former will be glad to have been credited with such worldliness and gaiety, the latter with so much virtue.

BRONZE LIFE-SIZE STATUES of Tom Sawyer and Huckleberry Finn have been unveiled at Hannibal, Missouri, at the foot of Cardiff Hill. We are for the statues, but we trust there was nothing about them to justify the remark, made at the unveiling, by Walter Williams, dean of the School of Journalism of the University of Missouri, that they represented "the eternal boy." So far as we know there is no such thing; though there were, are, and will be Tom and Huck. Mr. Williams put them into a "trinity of immortals" along with Peter Pan—at which we wince. Apparently Mr. Williams does not know his Tom and Huck as well as Mark Twain, dreaming of his boyhood, did, or—we hope—as do the annual thousands who read the books wherein they move. It may be a question whether the two gangsters are merely themselves or projections of Samuel Clemens at forty-five. But they are no third thing, and surely they do not deserve the sentimental things which get said about them every year. What we do like to hear is that Mr. Williams found in the statues a suggestion of "protest against that over-censorship of speech and morals which is far worse for boys than the utmost freedom." There speaks the Mark Twain of middle age—though he would have said, we think, "for boys and girls and men and women."

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"Vote as You Drink"

PROHIBITION has taken a new flying leap into politics. In a dozen States, following the example of New York, plans for referenda are under way; elections are being fought, won and lost, and explained, even when the explanations are not justified, by the Wet-and-Dry issue. Other issues are crowded into the background. Politically, as socially, prohibition is the paramount issue.

Many good people deplore this concentration of interest. They insist that prohibition should be taken out of politics and the field kept clear for more serious subjects. Party lines, they say, are being broken, and candidates are elected, regardless of their merits and principles on other issues, according as they are Wet or Dry. And this, these good folk believe, is a misfortune. We do not. We believe that it is a healthy thing for politics to seem important to the ordinary man-in-the-street, and a healthy thing to break the rigid lines of our meaningless, hereditary parties. If a group of Wet Democratic Congressmen invade Pennsylvania to support the Wet candidacy of their Republican friend "Billy" Vare against the Dry platform of their party ally William B. Wilson we can only rejoice. It seems to us to indicate a new honesty and a new seriousness in politics. It shows that there is at last one issue important enough to induce politicians to set ideas above party. We might wish that the issue were a different one, but it is good that at last something is breaking down the deadly tradition of "My Party, Right or Wrong."

Dangers, of course, lurk in such an absorption in a single issue. The issue of slavery broke up the old party alignments sixty years ago, and the country still suffers from the crystallization of party lines then achieved. But it seems to us that those who fear this absorption in the prohibition issue are regretting the loss of a dream rather than of a reality. Suppose the country should be foolish enough to let new parties grow up upon the liquor issue, how much worse would that be than the present situation? We have two parties divided in part by the memories of a civil war that lies more than half a century behind us, in part by a century-old tradition of different tariff policies (although today few Democrats are as opposed to high tariffs as some radical Republican farmers of the Middle West), and in part by sheer inertia. There is more difference between Senator Butler of Massachusetts and Senator Norris of Nebraska, although both are nominally Republicans, than there is between Butler and Carter Glass, Democrat, of Virginia or between Norris and Dill, Democrat, of Washington. We have no issues that divide the parties as parties today. Senator Bruce, Democrat, of Maryland supports President Coolidge more loyally than Senator Borah, Republican, of Idaho. Not on the tariff, immigration, evolution, the League and the World Court, the foreign debts, prohibition, farm relief—not on a single one of the issues which reach the front pages of the newspapers—do the Republicans, as a group, stand opposed to the Democrats. The two parties are merely the ins and the outs. As we have so often said, they have no coherent policies except to oppose each other and fight for office. And the heroic effort to found a Progressive Party two years ago has disintegrated, in part because its own supporters were not sufficiently clear as to their policy, and in part because the country was not sufficiently interested in the policies they proclaimed.

We are losing nothing of value, then, if the Wet-and-Dry issue replaces the traditional party lines of a vanished past. If prohibition does in fact interest the American people more than any other issue, it is good that they should divide upon it. Let them express themselves in referenda; let them elect men who share their views. The greatest danger in the situation, it seems to us, is that they may not express themselves honestly. One of the most cheering aspects of the new absorption in the prohibition issue, we believe, is that Wet politicians are beginning to talk Wet. Something of the old hypocrisy is being blown out of political discussion of prohibition. Men are beginning, in the language of the federal district attorney of New York, to talk and to vote as they drink.

Perhaps the worst result of prohibition is this hypocrisy it has bred. The white South is impressively solid for prohibition because it keeps liquor from the Negro without eliminating drinking facilities for white gentlemen. There is a section in the North which comes dangerously near to the same position, claiming that it does not matter if "our" class drinks rather more than before, because the working class is more abstemious than in pre-Volstead days. Every Washington correspondent knows that some of the most ardent Dry apostles on the floor of Congress are very cheerful tipplers after hours, and that some of the highest officials in Washington, men whose public utterances have been most pious in support of the Eighteenth Amendment, have not scrupled to serve liquor in their homes since the law went into force. There can be no decency and self-respect in public life as long as such a code prevails. There have been too few Borahs and Pinchots, who practice what they preach, among the Drys; and we prefer an honest if histrionic Wet like Representative Hill of Maryland to the gentlemen who preach one doctrine and drink another.

Not every Wet is a reprobate bound for hell, not every Dry is a psalm-singing hypocrite; and it does little good to sling epithets of that caliber. Hitherto the debate has been too much a campaign of ill names. The Wets have growled that prohibition was "put over," and the Drys have replied that the Wets were immoral. Anti-Saloon League campaigners have seemed to care very little how much a legislator drank if only he voted Dry. Scant energy has been expended to persuade people that the Volstead Act was a sensible law worth obeying, but hundreds of millions of dollars have been asked to browbeat people into heeding a law they despised. Too many Drys have seemed to feel that because the law was on the statute-books anyone protesting against it was a traitor to the Constitution and that debate was at an end. Even Senator Borah, in his eloquent Baltimore speech denouncing the liquor traffic, came dangerously close to that doctrine. The country has watched, altogether too blithely, the spectacle of a silent rebellion by millions of its citizens, doggedly defying a law which they believed an infringement of their personal rights. Is it an ill thing when that silent rebellion comes forward into the limelight of political discussion, when the views of those millions are given open debate instead of festering in secret protest?

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The White Menace

ABD-EL-KRIM has surrendered, and the French are supreme in North Africa. Presumably their victory will release a considerable part of the 150,000 men with whom they have been chasing the 10,000 Riffians, and they may soon report more victories in Syria. With airplanes, tanks, poison gas, heavy artillery, and American loans the European can still, in the long run, be counted upon to defeat the Asiatic and the African.

The French will treat Abd-el-Krim "as France knows how to treat a fallen enemy who has given proof of his military qualities." What that means we must wait to see. Presumably he will be pensioned and exiled. We may hope and believe that he will never turn to serve the men who conquered him. For five years he has given the Moslem world a magnificent exhibit of what a small group, untrained and badly armed, can still do against the vast forces of the European Powers. He drove Spain into the sea. For more than a year he held France at bay. Marshal Lyautey took advantage of Krim's concentration against the Spaniards in 1924 to occupy his granary in the Ouerga Valley. A little more than a year ago Krim turned and drove the French south. A vast campaign was inaugurated against him. Last autumn the French had seven divisions in Morocco—114 battalions of infantry, 25 squadrons of cavalry, 125 airplanes, together with tanks, armored cars, and supply troops. France had 150,000 troops in Morocco for this spring's campaign; Spain had some 110,000. Krim, to defend his native land against these forces, in a fighting area only 125 miles from east to west, and 37 miles north to south, had, when his strength was at its peak and a dozen other tribes fought at his side, fewer than 50,000 rifles, and, when he surrendered, fewer than 5,000. His long resistance to the overwhelming strength of France was one of the heroic epics of these modern days. It cost France more than $100,000,000 to subdue this man whom they called a mere tribal chieftain.

Presumably our newspapers will now be filled with long accounts of the wonders achieved by French engineering in the mountains of the Riff. Doubtless good roads will be built—that is always the first constructive achievement of the conqueror. It is said to help trade, and it certainly facilitates the process of subduing rebels. The United States boasts of its roads in Haiti and the Philippines; Britain of hers in India and Africa; Japan of hers in Korea and Formosa. "Law and order" will be established; commerce will be developed; perhaps a sanitary service will be introduced. And we shall be asked, in the name of these modern improvements, to believe that conquest has justified itself.

It is, in fact, dirty business. We have become so accustomed to the theory that the West European Powers and the United States have a divine right to rule all the backward races of the earth that we do not see the menace of our attitude. Krim's defeat will for the moment increase the prestige of France and of the white race throughout the Moslem world. But it will not increase the love for them. This French victory is a belated chapter of a history that has reached its turning-point. That little passage of history in which the West Europeans have dominated the entire world is coming to its end. The backward peoples of the earth, learning perforce to use the mechanical inventions of the West, are awakening to the white menace; they are conscious of its cruelties and moral hypocrisies; one such triumph as this cannot turn back the rising tide. France may win victories in Syria as well; but the Moslem world knows that a mere tribal chief defied her successfully for more than a year, that she has not yet pacified the Druses, and that the cost of these colonial wars is draining her treasury of more than she will ever be able to recoup in times of peace. After centuries of lethargy, the East is acquiring a new kind of self-respect; it has learned from a West which is growing sick of its own doctrine the lesson of nationalism, and feels itself on the eve of a new era.

Abd-el-Krim was no mere local phenomenon. He is part of a movement which transcends the consciousness of its individual members. These Riffians; the Egyptians who have once again affirmed at the polls their detestation of the creatures of Britain who rule them; the tribes which have swept out of central Arabia to crush the puppet kingdom of the Hejaz; the rebel Druses; the Turks whose success in defying the Western Powers is still the inspiration of the entire Orient; the new spirit in Persia under Riza Khan; the seething nationalism of India; the Filipinos, insisting peacefully upon their right to independence; the Japanese, already imitating the imperial West; the chaotic Chinese, whose only point of unity seems to be their determination not to be ruled by foreigners; the young Mongolians, ardently devising the first schoolbooks in their language—all these are parts of a movement which can only grow. These peoples may not yet have our Western training in administration, but they are going to learn by the same method as we—by making their own mistakes.

The Pullman Porters

THE Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters has announced that it has organized 65 per cent of the porters and maids employed by the Pullman Company. After due allowance for any statistical optimism in the premises, the showing remains impressive. The union was organized last fall, and to gather in a majority of the employees of a nation-wide service in the space of seven months remains an achievement of no uncertain magnitude. As an American Federation of Labor speaker pointed out at a recent meeting of the porters, many a union has worked for seven years and for three times seven years without succeeding in securing any such percentage of union members among the total employed in its field.

The porters are organizing for certain specific and immediate objectives. Instead of allowing the public to underwrite the Pullman Company's pay roll by giving in tips (sometimes) the difference between the $72.50 a month the porters are paid by the company and what it costs them to support their families, the union wants a living wage. It wants, instead of the possible 400 hours a month the porter may be called upon to work, hours and "run" schedules more suited to the needs of a human being—even if there is a chemical deposit in the pigment of his skin. It wants a place provided in sleeping-cars where this human being may occasionally secure a little sleep—when his interminable duties do not for the moment claim him. These are reasonable demands, and nobody with a spark of decency in his heart can do less than wish the porters godspeed in their fight.

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But over and above these specific objectives there looms a larger issue. In all their organization work the officials of the Porters' Union keep this issue constantly to the fore. It has been claimed that the black man is unorganizable. Again and again unscrupulous corporations have recruited from his ranks the "scab" labor which breaks, or tries to break, a strike of white workers. Consequently white workers, and particularly the leaders of white workers' unions, have had their more or less inbred racial prejudice intensified by this unhappy fact. The difference in pigmentation has thus got into the arteries, and brewed no little bad blood. If the porters can organize their industry, hold their ranks, prove their fighting ability in the interest of the working class, it will have a profound effect on the attitude of white organized labor. And it will have a profound effect on the organizable capacity of Negro workers in other industries. These men who punch our pillows and shine our shoes and stow our bags under the seat bear in their black hands no little of the responsibility for the industrial future of their race. Whatever greetings we may give them because we believe in their immediate objects must be increased tenfold when we realize the full import of their movement.

On Contemporary Books

ON a certain famous occasion Henrik Ibsen was asked why it was that he read so little, and he replied, surprisingly enough, that it was because what he read seemed so strangely irrelevant.

Here was a reply which might very well serve to confirm in their opinion those who had judged from his works that the disturbing man was only a vulgar barbarian. For a good many centuries books had received the precious life-blood of the master-spirits, the garnered experience of mankind. The maturest conclusions which the consideration of that experience had produced were written down; yet Ibsen, with colossal arrogance, swept them away with a single gesture—"irrelevant"—as though he had wished to say that with him, or at least with his generation, the world had begun anew and that the continuity of history was only a cowardly fiction.

To cultured men it seemed a childish blasphemy; yet it contained a partial truth. The literature of the past does seem not useless or false but in some way irrelevant to the most insistent interests of the present. If it were not so, the need for writing would vanish and literature would come to an end, just as Euclidian geometry came to an end because its work was finished and it served no further need. Each succeeding age would not, as it does, find things unsaid and needs unfulfilled, making it necessary not only for the age to write its own poems and stories but to tell over again the lives of past heroes and rewrite past criticism. Indeed, so rapidly do the generations shift that even today there are works of Ibsen's own which youth might be pardoned for closing in the middle with that same disappointed word—"irrelevant."

It is not a mere question of better or worse. What Ibsen meant was that full as the writings of the past might be of this or that, the questions which seemed to him most important of all were never even asked, and that there was something about the whole spiritual world of his predecessors which seemed alien and made him feel much as a man suffering from the stomach-ache might feel if ushered into the presence of the most learned of theologians. As the result of some strange process the whole emphasis of his mind had been shifted, and he found that the things which had for him the most burning interest had never so much as attracted the attention of those who had written before him. Hereditary syphilis, for example, seemed far more significant than the duty of revenge; yet the author of "Hamlet" had never suspected that disease visited from father to son might represent one of the most striking of the tricks of destiny. To Ibsen, alive to this and a thousand other facts, there was but one adjective suitable for the discussion of the question "to be or not to be," and that adjective was "irrelevant." From the wise he could find no answer, and a new literature had to be created.

The eruption of new knowledge furnishes of course the most obvious explanation of this phenomenon; the data which the mind of the artist must arrange into a pattern are constantly growing. But in addition to those differences which may be traced to differences of knowledge there are others whose cause is less easy to trace. In those ages called satiric the spectacle of human follies seems to afford a special pleasure. The mind experiences a certain satisfaction in collecting and analyzing instances of vanity, stupidity, and pretension, until suddenly the joy seems to go out of the game and romantic idealism reappears. Yet it is not necessarily true that its devotee would wholly deny the facts upon which the satiric literature was based. They simply seem no longer interesting, no longer really important. A new aspect of human nature has been discovered or rediscovered, and what has gone before seems merely "irrelevant."

Every age has its own particular emphasis, temper, and mood. It must have its own say because no one else has been able to say for it with just the proper tone the things which it feels and thinks. In the classic it may find things which belong to all times, but in its own literature alone can it find the mood which is characteristically its own. Hence it is that of all forms of literary snobbery there is none more shallow than that which consists in a comprehensive scorn of all contemporary work. There are people who pretend to be at home in every century but their own and who seem to feel that the statement "I never read *new* books" marks them as men superior to the ephemeral concerns of their day. The truth is that there is no substitute for the literature of one's own particular age. It may be good or bad, it may or may not deserve to be neglected by those who come after, but whatever its permanent value it is indispensable to the age which produces it and no classic can serve as a substitute. The wise man is a citizen of eternity, but a full man is also and inevitably a citizen of today. He must understand his own time, and only in contemporary utterances can he hear it speak. Current literature may have defects too numerous and too obvious to mention. It may be inferior in every other respect to the literature of Greece, of Rome, of the Renaissance, of the Elizabethan Age, of the Restoration, or of the Victorian era, but in one respect it is assuredly superior to all others. It has an immediate relevance to the life amid which the reader lives, and it has at least one sort of significance which no other literature can have. Whether we like it or not, we are the products of the same forces which produce the books of our contemporaries.

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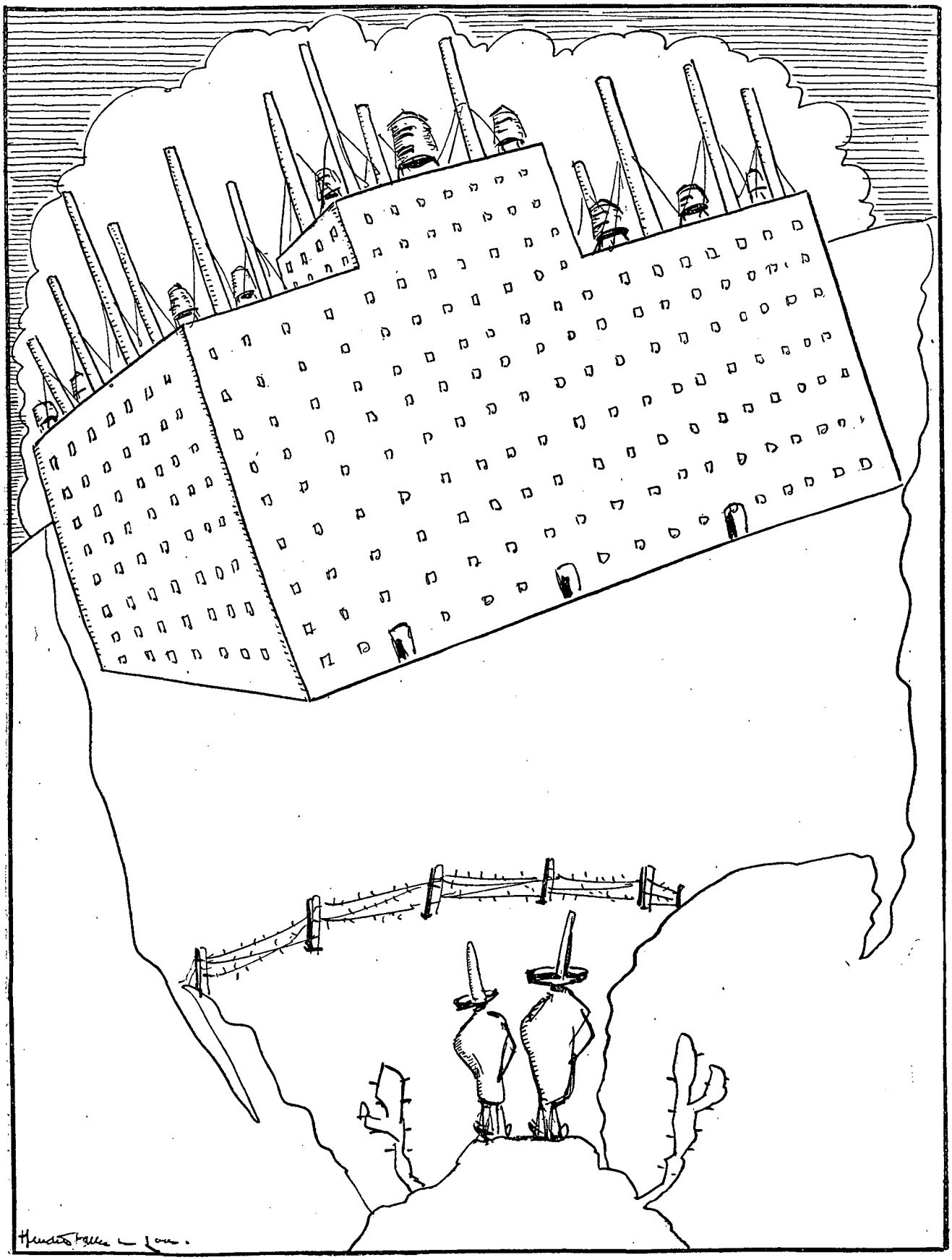
Americanization



FIRST MEXICAN PEON: *A wonderful people, those Americans. They finally got everything so standardized and organized that a single factory could provide for all their needs.*
SECOND MEXICAN PEON: *I see, but where are the people?*
FIRST MEXICAN PEON: *Oh they all died from boredom.*

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The National Strike in Great Britain

By J. RAMSAY MacDONALD

London, May 14

THIS country has just been recording an experience unique in its history and, as the art of war propaganda has been so recently set aside, the Government returned to it with alacrity and the sober truth regarding what has happened can only now be told. The decision to apply the strike to newspaper offices I considered a mistake, but the trade unions came to the conclusion that it was impossible to arrange exceptions of such magnitude, and the ordinary service of newspapers disappeared. The Government and the hostile press reduced to a pigmy size were thus left in possession. The Trades Union Congress General Council, which conducted the strike, then arranged, with some difficulty it must be said, for the production of the *British Worker*, a strike bulletin. The wireless system, though not actually commandeered, was rigidly controlled by the Government. Day by day government stuff was thrown into the air, and when application was made that a calm statement of the mind and purpose of the General Council should be broadcast, it was refused. An appeal from the whole of the churches, which the Archbishop of Canterbury was personally to give out, was also refused because it did not feed the war propaganda of the Government, and so public opinion was left exposed to the same influences as schemed to misinform and impassion it when the armies were in the field.

What is the sober truth of what happened? The world knows that the dispute arose in the coal industry. The wages of miners were to be reduced and they refused to accept the reduction. A strike was threatened last July and had to be bought off for nine months by a feeble and unprepared Government at the taxpayers' expense. To inquire—for the thousandth time—into the trade, a Royal Commission was appointed; its report, issued eight months after the subsidy, was vague on some essential points; the Government contented itself by saying that it would accept the report if the other sides did the same; neither, in spite of finessing words, would do so and the owners proceeded to defy it; notices of drastic reduction in wages were posted over by far the greater part of the coal-fields, and negotiations to try and avert the evil of a dispute were begun by the General Council. This is the first point to be remembered. The Trades Union Council, rather than the Government and the owners, strove for peace while there was still a chance of peace. When the history of the strike is written, I can assure my readers that neither the Government nor the owners will be found to have played any strenuous part in peace-making.

While the official word of the Government was pietistic, its actions and inactions justified the accusation made against it that it had joined the forces demanding a reduction in the standards of life of the people; and the attack upon the miners was universally regarded as the opening of an all-round attack. "If the miners go down, it will be our turn next, and so we shall stand by the miners," was the attitude of the whole trade-union movement. Twice, at moments when the General Council had got into the position to bring pressure upon the miners to agree to a settlement that would protect them, the Government ended negotiations on mere pretexts; first, when it asked a pledge from the miners' leader that was contrary to the recommendations of the coal report, and finally when, not only without authority but against official advice, a group of workers on the premises of a notorious yellow newspaper refused to print a pernicious article, the Government negotiators pretended that the general strike had begun and therefore that it was not consistent with high constitutional dignity to negotiate any further.

The miners were locked out during the day of April 30. The feeling among trade unionists generally was so keen to support them that, with orders or without them, acts amounting to strikes would have become common, especially in the transport trades. It must be remembered that owing to the growing power of capitalism trade unionists have for some time been concluding that the sympathetic strike was the best way to help an attacked section. The tactic, however, had never really been thought out, and was certainly no part of a general scheme of trade-union aggression. The decision was taken solely as industrial support for the miners, and during the strike not a minute was ever lost to negotiate terms which the General Council could recommend the miners to accept. The Government declared war and dragged in the constitution and the community, but all the time the trade unions sought for peace. The unions were willing to handle essential foodstuffs and the safety men were left in at the coal pits. During the whole period of the strike there was not, so far as I have heard, a single case of conflict between the police and trade unionists. Probably half the cases brought before magistrates were for purely technical breaches of the emergency regulations, like spreading false rumors, and the other half were of crowd rows that showed no trace of organization. The trade-union pickets did more to maintain order than the police. I have gone through many strikes, but I have known none to which the application of "unconstitutional" or "revolutionary" is more idiotic. From the point of view of its nature it has been one of the mildest, most good-tempered, and most orderly industrial strikes on record.

It has been to the interest of the Government to represent it otherwise. Elaborate programs of provocation have been prepared and the anger and vexation which have flared up this morning in quarters anxious to smash both the industrial and the political combination of labor only show the chagrin felt in these quarters that peace has been declared. So soon as an industrial settlement on a program hammered out between Sir Herbert Samuel, chairman of the Coal Royal Commission, and the General Council was possible the council considered that the continuation of the strike would serve no further useful purpose and declared it off. It was no unconditional surrender. It was according to program foreseen and assumed from the beginning. The Government has said that it will accept the report, and the document upon which the strike has been declared off is an explanation and application of the report which, had the Government given time and opportunity during negotiations before the strike, would have obviated the strike

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altogether. In spite of the provocation of the Government propaganda and its evil effect upon the minds of the men who had come out, the General Council in a courageous and public-spirited way declared the strike off when it had fulfilled its purpose. The strike ended naturally, not by surrender.

Personally, I have never agreed that the sympathetic strike on a large scale was an industrial weapon that should be tried, and our experience of it during the past week has proved the truth of the reasons for my opposition to it. Whatever the intentions of those who promote it may be it will appear to the mass of the people as a blow to constitutional procedure; the inconvenience it imposes upon all and sundry must irritate the public into opposition before it has gone on for any length of time; its first effectiveness will be shown in the punishment it inflicts upon the poorer and the more helpless classes; its issues and consequences obscure the original cause of dispute and raise new ones which cannot be foreseen; being a strike in sympathy the whole mass called out has not the definite object that the section originally attacked has, so that its weakness in parts soon appears; it can succeed only if it is swiftly finished; every extension weakens it; having no definite object it can have no victory, and in so far as it is regarded by a government as a challenge to it, its failure is foredoomed; every union that comes out raises thereby a dispute internal to itself, e.g., if railwaymen come out to help the miners they thereby raise a dispute with their own employers. In short, a general strike when fully developed can only be part of a policy of armed force such as Mr. Winston Churchill and other Tory leaders hoped to profit by this week and last. But this one that has now ended was kept in splendid control by the trade-union leaders, was not allowed to get out of hand; and the Government's strenuous attempts to get it to become revolutionary and to develop were thwarted by the splendid tactics and the bold courage of those who were acting and advising at headquarters. As the country comes to know the facts, the culpability of the Government will become apparent and I believe a strong reaction will set in in favor of labor, especially political labor.

Taking the Devil Out of the Devil Dogs

By WILLIAM HARD

Place: Southern Progressive California.
Time: 1935.

THE JUDGE ADVOCATE. You are accused of flirting.

GENERAL SMITH. Not guilty.

THE JUDGE ADVOCATE. Will General Jones please step forward? General Jones, you accuse General Smith of flirting?

GENERAL JONES. I do.

THE JUDGE ADVOCATE. Why?

GENERAL JONES. I saw him doing it.

THE JUDGE ADVOCATE. Tell how.

GENERAL JONES. Well, it began this way: I was spending a week-end at General Smith's house.

THE JUDGE ADVOCATE. Why?

GENERAL JONES. He and I are great friends.

THE JUDGE ADVOCATE. When did your intimacy begin?

GENERAL JONES. When we were both improving the Haitians.

THE JUDGE ADVOCATE. Proceed.

GENERAL JONES. Well, we were sitting together at breakfast when a most beautiful woman came in. After a while General Smith took her out driving in his motor car.

THE JUDGE ADVOCATE. What was the nature of their flirting during breakfast?

GENERAL JONES. They didn't flirt during breakfast.

THE JUDGE ADVOCATE. Then what are you talking about?

GENERAL JONES. I followed their motor car. They looked as if they were going to flirt.

THE JUDGE ADVOCATE. How did you follow them?

GENERAL JONES. In my own motor car. I followed them to the del Cannonado Hotel.

THE JUDGE ADVOCATE. Why did you do that?

GENERAL JONES. To enforce the law.

THE JUDGE ADVOCATE. What did you see there?

GENERAL JONES. They sat on a sofa and flirted.

THE JUDGE ADVOCATE. What did they do to flirt?

GENERAL JONES. Well, they looked at each other and became awfully unsteady in the eyes. Their eyes became very brilliant. They laughed a great deal. They didn't seem to know what was going on around them. They were lost to the world.

THE JUDGE ADVOCATE. Was General Smith in a condition to command troops?

GENERAL JONES. He was not.

THE JUDGE ADVOCATE. How did you see all this?

GENERAL JONES. I was standing behind the sofa.

THE JUDGE ADVOCATE. Are you sure the man on the sofa was General Smith?

GENERAL JONES. Absolutely. I have known him intimately and affectionately for many years.

THE JUDGE ADVOCATE. That will do. Is Mr. Hicks here?

MR. HICKS. Yes, sir.

THE JUDGE ADVOCATE. You are the house detective of the del Cannonado Hotel?

MR. HICKS. Yes, sir.

THE JUDGE ADVOCATE. Did you see General Smith and the lady?

MR. HICKS. No, sir.

THE JUDGE ADVOCATE. Then why are you here?

MR. HICKS. One of my assistants saw them.

THE JUDGE ADVOCATE. How many assistants have you?

MR. HICKS. Ninety-one.

THE JUDGE ADVOCATE. Why ninety-one?

MR. HICKS. To enforce these federal laws.

THE JUDGE ADVOCATE. What laws?

MR. HICKS. Well, for instance, the law against bringing any obscene literature into any hotel in interstate commerce. That's since 1927. In the old days we only used to search their hips to see if they had flasks. Now we have to search their pockets, too, to see if they've got the *Mercury*.

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THE JUDGE ADVOCATE. Do you find it often?

MR. HICKS. Sure. All the time. That's why we need my new law. Why, only the other day this *Mercury* was brought into the hotel by a fellow called Mencken, who said he edited it. He had some nerve.

THE JUDGE ADVOCATE. What did you do?

MR. HICKS. Threw him out, of course, along with the magazine. It's illegal for any writer or publisher of any obscene or radical literature to stay in any hotel in interstate commerce. That's since 1928.

THE JUDGE ADVOCATE. How's it going?

MR. HICKS. Fine! We threw eight out last week. Yet they keep coming. That's why we need my new law. We need more cooperation from the other guests.

THE JUDGE ADVOCATE. What do you mean, cooperation?

MR. HICKS. Help enforce the Earful Law.

THE JUDGE ADVOCATE. Sorry. I've spent so much time improving foreigners I can't keep up with improvements here. What's this Earful Law?

MR. HICKS. Congressman Earful was the first to see that much more harm is done by talking than by printing. So now it's illegal for anybody to say anything obscene or radical or tending to go against the Government in any hotel in interstate commerce. That's since 1929.

THE JUDGE ADVOCATE. But you said something about cooperation. What's that?

MR. HICKS. Oh, Congressman Earful was also the first to see that you can't enforce these new federal laws merely with policemen and inspectors and constables and sheriffs and bailiffs and marshals and deputy marshals and public detectives and private detectives. You've got to bring in the guests. So now it's illegal for any guest who hears any other guest saying anything obscene or radical or tending to go against the Government not to report it to the hotel management. That's since 1930.

THE JUDGE ADVOCATE. How's it going?

MR. HICKS. Fine! Last week we convicted sixty-three guests for not telling the hotel management. Average sentence, three months and seventy-six dollars.

THE JUDGE ADVOCATE. But how do you know they haven't told?

MR. HICKS. I've got thirty of my ninety-one assistants overhearing the guests. Then if the guest doesn't come across with what my assistant heard him hear, we pinch him.

THE JUDGE ADVOCATE. So I suppose they've all stopped talking?

MR. HICKS. No, sir. That's just the trouble. They're talking more and more. That's why we need my new law. Only last Thursday a guest in my hotel said that he believed in God.

THE JUDGE ADVOCATE. That's good. Why shouldn't he say it?

MR. HICKS. It's illegal to believe in God in any hotel in interstate commerce. That's since 1931.

THE JUDGE ADVOCATE. But what's the idea?

MR. HICKS. Why, you can't have any power in this country higher than the Government. What the Government says is right. You can't have Anybody who can give you any rights that the Government can't take away. So under the Junk Law you can't believe in God in interstate commerce. It's an awful hard law to enforce, that Junk Law, just like the Earful Law. That's why we need my new law that I've been mentioning to you.

THE JUDGE ADVOCATE. Yes. You've mentioned it. I'll give in. What is it?

MR. HICKS. We must have a reward of twenty-five dollars for every guest who tells anything illegal that any other guest has done or said. It's our only hope.

THE JUDGE ADVOCATE. Why?

MR. HICKS. Everything else has failed, and there must be some way of fixing the world right, and this is the latest, and so it's it.

THE JUDGE ADVOCATE. I see.

MR. HICKS. And I've got it all figured out; and the annual cost will be only $897,000,000. What's $897,000,000 compared with having a law-abiding country? Especially about flirting.

THE JUDGE ADVOCATE. Let me catch up. When did flirting become illegal?

MR. HICKS. In 1932, under the Source Theory Law.

THE JUDGE ADVOCATE. What theory?

MR. HICKS. Source theory. Liquor is the source of crime and poverty. Therefore it's abolished. Vicious printing and talking is the source of vicious behavior. Therefore it's abolished. Flirting is the source of divorce. A three-million-dollar investigation by the Women's Bureau of the Department of Labor proved that every illicit love affair begins with flirting. So flirting's abolished. But the only way to make all this abolishing really stick is my new law. You've got to induce them to tell. My new law, sir, is what my publicity agent truly calls the acme and apex of modern legislation.

THE JUDGE ADVOCATE. Mr. Hicks, as a rude and unstructed marine, deprived of enlightenment through long absence in low-down foreign regions, I thank you. General Smith, please stand up.

GENERAL SMITH. I'm doing it.

THE JUDGE ADVOCATE. General Smith, you are standing up for sentence. You are not entitled to any defense. The house detective has testified that an assistant of his saw you flirting. A general has testified that he saw you flirting. Jury trial, I am now told, was abolished in the United States, at the suggestion of United States District Attorney Frustrate, in order to enforce the Volstead Law, in 1933. The right of defense, I am now told, was abolished, at the suggestion of Congressman Lastchance, in order to suppress flirting and save the American home, in 1934. All that you have to do now is to be sentenced.

GENERAL SMITH. Yes, sir.

THE COURT. General Smith, you are reduced to the rank of lieutenant. It is a shame to American history that so many battles have been won for us by flirting, drinking generals. Hereafter it is better to retreat with McClellan on lemonade than to advance with Grant on strong drink. Hereafter the Marine Corps will land on foreign coasts sober and marital or perish. Step down, Lieutenant Smith. Step up, General Jones.

GENERAL JONES. Here.

THE COURT. General Jones, you have lived up to the highest standards of civilian citizenship. You have introduced those standards into the Marine Corps. You have lived up to the truth that we cannot by law have a nation of saints without having by law a nation of spies. You are awarded the Marine Medal of Valor with six palms, nine clasps, seven feathers, and three double-crosses. The Army and the Navy and the Marine Corps must be Americanized. Court adjourned.

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Yiddish—A Childless Language

By ALTER BRODY

A LANGUAGE is dying—intestate and without issue. At the height of its power and affluence, in the fullest possession of its faculties, with a literature, a theater, and a press of its own that would do honor to many a landed tongue, Yiddish in America is facing a slow but inevitable dissolution, dying—with no one to will all these accumulated riches to. In twenty years there will be no readers left for its great metropolitan dailies, no audiences for its numerous and now crowded theaters; and its contemporary literature—already readerless, and printed by the authors for mutual presentation—will be a closed set, a completed classic, like the four-and-twenty books of the Old Testament.

But it will be a painless end, a death in easy instalments, regulated by the 2 per cent ratio of the Immigration Act, that "cordon sanitaire" which our Nordically minded Congress has drawn around the Ghetto. On the East Side and its numerous suburbs in Manhattan, Brooklyn, and the Bronx the strange, angular characters on the store windows are growing scarcer and scarcer; and soon even the indispensable Kosher motto—the coat-of-arms of Jewish delicatessen and butcher shops—will be spelled in heathen English. Column by column the growing English sections of the Yiddish dailies will march across their pages in Occidental order from left to right, forcing the square right-to-left Oriental lettering backward; until at length the latter will be confined to A Yiddish Page for the Old, occupying the supplementary position at present held by An English Page for the Young.

On the Yiddish stage creative life is ebbing fast. There are more Yiddish theaters than ever, but nothing new has been written for them in years, except musical comedies differing very little from those on Broadway. The final stand of serious Yiddish drama, the Yiddish Art Theater, is planning in the future to alternate its Yiddish program with English; and an organization called the Anglo-Jewish Theater at the 66 Fifth Avenue Playhouse is producing Yiddish classics in English.

As for contemporary literature, it is something of academic or—to use an East Side paraphrase—of "cafe" interest only. Literary schools rise and fall in the cafe, but the street knows them not. The classics—Perez, Sholem Aleichem, Sholem Asch, Pinsky, and the rest—have already been translated; and perhaps in the future a final translated anthology—an "AND OTHERS"—will be compiled and the matter considered closed.

In the Yiddish theatrical world there is very little sleep lost over the approaching demise. Actors are accustomed to having their art die with them; and as for the producers—theatrical undertakings as business enterprises are comparatively ephemeral things. Playhouses are built without lingual partiality. Their stages and box-offices can be adapted to English without any cost.

In the literary world there is more concern. The squabbling schools forget their differences sometimes, and discuss the gloomy future. They tremble for their immortality in the hands of the new generation. There is the hope, however, of being embalmed in an English translation and thus preserved for the ages.

But in the Yiddish newspaper world the problem is much more serious. Authors have nothing more substantial than their immortality to lose. Theatrical enterprises are launched and dissolved each season anew. But metropolitan newspapers are not built for a season. True, their editorial opinions are adjustable, but there is one issue on which they cannot compromise—and that is circulation.

Five Yiddish dailies are published in New York, with a combined circulation of over 400,000, representing investments aggregating millions of dollars. Each of them is a great and complicated organization, whose machinery has been evolved through years of experimentation with its particular public. They have branches throughout the country, and the largest of them, the *Forward* (circulation 200,000), publishes special editions in various large cities, maintaining an independent plant and editorial department in Chicago for the manufacture of its Western editions. All of them, however, have sophisticated advertising departments, and the pro[illegible]ect of having their circulation supply cut off, however [illegible]dually, can be figured out [illegible]hem in terms of dollars and cents, the dollars running [illegible]even figures.

So there is a flutter on the Yiddish Newspaper Row on East Broadway, a scanning of specially prepared circulation graphs showing recent and past fluctuations, nervous consultations between the editorial and business departments. The upshot of which is that the editor of the supernumerary English Section for the Young is dragged out of his obscurity and asked to save the paper. Desperately they are seeking succor from the very source where danger threatens.

For though the Jewish birth-rate is high, Yiddish is a childless language—bereft of its offspring by the merciless Moloch of the public schools. Every year, as soon as they are of age—and before—in tens of thousands the children are brought by their own parents and offered up on the altar of an alien tongue. Twenty-five years ago it was prophesied that Yiddish would die of this national hemorrhage, but instead the Yiddish press has grown to a state undreamed of then. Where there were a few mushroom sheets that sprang up and died overnight in East Broadway cellars, there are now organizations that can measure themselves impressively against our English dailies. Step into the ten-story *Forward* building, and you will find very little to remind you that you are not on Park Row. Pick up a Sunday edition of the same paper, and its multitudinous folds, including rotogravure, magazine, editorial, dramatic, comic, women's, and juvenile sections, are in the best tradition of Sunday-newspaperdom.

Nevertheless, the failure of previous predictions in nowise affects the present situation. An unprecedented flood of immigration that continued until the present restrictions more than compensated Yiddish for the bi-annual exactions of the public school. But things are quite different now, and would be even if the immigration bars were lifted. For the replenishing flood is drying up at the source. The great nursery of Yiddish, the many-millioned Ghetto of Eastern Europe, has been smashed by the Rus-

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sian Revolution and the new nationalism which it unwittingly engendered in that area—as effectively as the Ghetto of Central Europe was smashed by the French Revolution and the Napoleonic wars.

A hundred years ago the conquering French army sweeping across Germany opened the gates of the ghettoes as liberators. The Jews came out of their thousand-year-old seclusion, rubbing their eyes at the new day; but before they could take in the situation, another tide—the national uprising of 1813 and the awakening of German national consciousness—swept over Germany and caught them up. That was the end of the German Ghetto. Before that they were Jewish subjects of German princes. Now they had to be Germans.

Similarly, under the Czar, the Jews of Eastern Europe were segregated, oppressed, massacred, but they were not expected to be Russian or feel Russian. The revolution came, and the conglomerate races of Eastern Europe split up into a dozen little states, each jealous of its new-found nationalism and suspicious of all forms of dissent. Suddenly the Jews that had lived for centuries in that territory, regarding it as part of a vague, universal, geographic area called the Exile in which they were merely stopping pending the Messianic era—suddenly these Jews found themselves expected to turn into fervent Poles, Esthonians, Latvians, Lithuanians, and what-not, depending upon which side of the border they happened to be. Many of them objected and became Zionists, deciding that they had waited long enough for the Messiah, and were going to take matters into their own hands. But in large numbers they responded, like their French and German brethren in the past and like their American brethren at present—on the biological principle of protective coloration—by becoming more Polish than the Poles, more Latvian than the Letts, and so on.

Thus, between the Zionists who have no use for anything but Hebrew, scorning Yiddish as the language of the exile, and the assimilationists who champion the particular language of the nation among which they find themselves, Yiddish is left with a dubious future even in its native home. True, in Soviet Russia itself Yiddish is officially recognized by the Government, whereas Hebrew is under a ban. The reason for this partiality is that throughout Eastern Jewry Yiddish is regarded as the speech of the proletariat, whereas Hebrew has a pronounced nationalistic, religious, and therefore bourgeois, accent. In spite of this official patronage it is foolhardy to think that the new, communistically educated generation of Russian-Jewish youth will cling to Yiddish when Russia and things Russian have captivated the heart of revolutionary youth throughout the world.

The problem is really for an actuary to solve, and it is as follows: If the combined circulation of the Yiddish newspapers is 400,000, and the majority of these readers are over forty, and the only source from which they can expect to renew themselves from the necessarily heavy mortality among such readers is restricted by the 2 per cent immigration law, and if the source itself is drying up—how long will it take for this circulation to be reduced to zero?

But that is not the way the Yiddish journalists look at it. Their solution is the English section, to offset the mortality among their readers by capturing the new generation. That is a problematical answer to a problem. In English the Yiddish newspaper would have to compete with the general newspapers which have shown no objection in the past to catering to Jewish readers. It will actually find itself under a disadvantage in such competition, for the children of the immigrant are not a whit behind in the American disinclination to being different, to having special interests—to being a crank, in other words. Certainly it will take readers with a belligerently nationalist urge to buy such a newspaper, and the circulation of the various English-Jewish weeklies similarly placed is not an encouragement, if it is an example of what an English-Jewish daily may expect.

There is the economic alignment to consider. Three of the five Yiddish dailies are practically trade papers. The bulk of their readers are drawn from the needle trades. These are the Socialist *Forward,* the Communist *Freiheit,* and the capitalist *Morning Journal*—read mainly by workers for its Help Wanted columns and because it is the only morning newspaper. While Jews are still the largest nationality among the needle trades, the balance of power is rapidly shifting. Italians (who are already 40 per cent of the membership), Poles, Lithuanians, and even Americans, are increasing, while the Jews are diminishing. Most of the American-Jewish proletariat belonged to the petty tradesman class in Europe. They became workers by necessity rather than choice, because they had no capital on arriving and were without the necessary knowledge of the new language. They never fancied their descent in the social scale and brought up their sons and daughters to regard "the shop" as a disgrace to which only those without education (graduation from an accredited grammar school) needed to submit. The result is that there are few American-born Jews in the needle trades. Obviously, therefore, an English-Jewish daily cannot expect to thrive on a labor policy. The irony of the future will be that when Yiddish has died out in America the Jews will have become what their grandfathers were in Russia—largely a middle-class group.

Of the other dailies, the orthodox (Republican) *Tageblatt,* the oldest of the Yiddish papers, is practically out of the running; and although it was the first to initiate the English section, there is no future for it in English. The younger generation is anything but conservative in religion and politics. The *Tageblatt* and its coextremist, the Communist *Freiheit,* are lowest in circulation, proving that uncompromising orthodoxy and uncompromising heterodoxy are equally unpopular with "the solid liberal majority" of the race.

The other, the nationalist, liberal *Tag,* would seem—on the face of its editorial policy—about the most plausible survivor in the English future. It is Zionist on the national question, liberal on the religious; and a liberal politically, ranking with its fellow-Democrat, the New York *World.* Culturally, its comparatively high-brow attitude commends it to the professional and middle-class intelligentsia, bound to be an important element in a specialized circulation such as an English-Jewish daily will have to cater to. It has already inaugurated, as a daily feature on its front page, an English column of Jewish News of the Day. An English-Jewish daily cannot expect to compete with the English dailies for general news. It must expect to be bought as a supplementary paper by those especially interested in Jewish affairs, and therefore this feature of the *Tag* should prove a reliable cornerstone for an English future.

But odds cannot be wagered on the *Tag* without considering the highly convertible texture of the *Forward,* by far the largest and most powerful of the Yiddish

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dailies. Officially Socialist and formerly anti-national and even atheistic, it has long been sensing the wind and veering sharply toward nationalism and toward an eclectic liberalism in religion and politics. Its Communist opponent, the *Freiheit*, may accuse it of backsliding; but it is only backsliding with its readers, comprising half of Yiddish-speaking America. Since the Socialist Party is now practically non-existent it may almost be called non-partisan in politics, which gives it an advantage as a national organ over the Democratic *Tag*. Furthermore, an English-Jewish daily, confining itself to topics of Jewish interest and not having to purvey up-to-the-minute general news, can be sold from coast to coast without danger of the news getting stale in transit. In fact, since its appeal will be limited to a specially interested audience, it will be forced to seek out circulation throughout the country. For this the *Forward* is ideally qualified, as it is the only Jewish daily with a really national organization. Putting over an English-Jewish daily will be a difficult job, but with such machinery and resources it may be possible. At any rate the race will be to the strongest, as there will hardly be congregations for all of them in their English vestments.

In the Driftway

AT last a *constructive* use has been found for the United States Army. Heretofore the same complaint has been made against the army as is frequently made against *The Nation*, that it is purely destructive in its nature. So you see the army is in good company, although perhaps it does not always appreciate it. Anyhow a good many persons will probably be glad to learn that a constructive function has been found for the army; it consists of helping to sell lots in new real-estate tracts. Some 6,000 persons were beguiled to Scarsdale, a suburb of New York City, on a Saturday in May to celebrate the sesquicentennial of the Battle of White Plains. Most of them had never heard of the battle before, of course, but the day was a pleasant one for an outdoor excursion and they were quite ready to believe what the newspapers told them, that the engagement was one of the most inportant of the Revolutionary War. And they had heard of the Revolutionary War even if they had ceased to care what it was about. Besides the United States Army was to be present—in maneuvers. The army came, 700 strong, with machine-guns, tanks, chemical-warfare units, anti-aircraft guns, and all the other trimmings. There was a lot of prancing round, speechifying, and general hurrah. A pleasant time was being had by one and all when there descended upon the scene, like the locusts over Egypt, a cloud of real-estate salesmen who distributed announcements saying:

> The ground which has been consecrated by our own revolutionary forebears will at this point lose its identity as a battleground and become the home sites for thousands of patriotic Americans.
>
> May we most cordially invite you before you leave to make a more minute inspection of this famous ground, which is now subdivided into building plots 100 by 100.

* * * * *

P. T. BARNUM has said that the American people love to be humbugged; and, judging by the extent that they are, presumably they do. But they demur at anything too raw. They demurred at this. The Westchester Historical Association demurred; the State Historian demurred; many others demurred. They pointed out that the scene of the Battle of White Plains was several miles from the real-estate development where the celebration had been held and that the anniversary did not actually fall until next October. They wanted to know who was responsible for what they unkindly called a hoax. Thus they spoiled the day for several thousand persons who had previously supposed they had had a good time. What's worse, a shadow was cast over a new and constructive use for the army.

* * * * *

NATURALLY explanations were called for and naturally everybody fell back on the national sport of "passing the buck." It looked as if responsibility would remain as much a mystery as the disappearance of the brig Marie Celeste. Then an unheard-of thing happened. An officer on Governors Island confessed that he was responsible and had acted without proper investigation. The Drifter would like to press that officer between the pages of a dictionary and send him parcel post to Diogenes. The Drifter would at least like to mention the officer's name here, so that it might go echoing down the corridors of time to eternity. But the Drifter has forgotten the name, and when he tried to look it up in his old newspapers he found he had torn out the page to wrap up a pair of shoes. So the name of this hero must go unsung. It's usually that way with real heroes.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

The Poetry Prize

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I hope that when you offer your Poetry Prize next winter you will append to it some illuminating quotation from your editorial on page 546—sentences such as these:

"The idea of a literary prize is in essence absurd." "The absurdity lies . . . in the rather pathetic faith of the public in the wisdom of judges. Prizes are probably not dangerous. They certainly are without consequence."

Ballard Vale, Mass., May 19 STEVEN T. BYINGTON

Machine Art

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I have just read Michael Gold's article on Hugo Gellert, in your issue of April 28. In an age like ours when artists have become very much interested in art and very little interested in life, it is refreshing to note Gellert's mechanical humanism. There is a heroic element in some of his paintings that could be conceived only by a speculative spirit, a rarity in a movement whose chief products have been merely the commonplace skilfully executed.

But what dogmatic balderdash is this of Mr. Gold's that "the machine is the biggest fact in the world today, and no one daring to ignore it can hope to remain fruitful"?

In certain quarters of the world of art there is much ado about machinery, and the hum of mighty works fills the air. There, art has become the antithesis of the "old-fashioned" and its only fitting subject is the latest product of material culture. Only the curious mechanisms of the inventive mind are real, and the human joy or sorrow that some transient harmony or con-

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flict may bring is the theme only of "minor aesthetes." Among the "machine-minded" major aesthetes—to borrow Mr. Gold's mannerism—understanding has never reached beyond a superficial mechanism, or art beyond a childish exuberance over moving things. Could these artists adopt a more difficult human perspective, they would achieve a finer insight into our mechanical background which would then receive no more than its just measure of rational attention. Above all we would then hear less claptrap about "the dynamics of steel-making" in art.

New York, April 24 WILLIAM GRÜNSTEIN

The Menace of the Movies

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In the motion-picture current-events series at present there seems to me to be a distinct intention to accustom the public to the idea of war-like preparation. Prospective soldiers, drilling with a one-man movement, new sorts of bombs, new kinds of projectiles, a new variety of battle airship—and even the German army goose-stepping past Hindenburg—a representation which met with loud applause. Why?

Pittsburgh, May 19 E. M. A.

Stupid College Boys

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Recently, while distributing reprints of an article by Paul Blanshard from *The Nation*, I talked with college boys about compulsory military drill in our State University. With the exception of two boys I met with courteous replies. Most were eager to take the leaflet and some begged for more copies.

"Well, we're bound to have another war, and then, you bet, I don't want to do the dirty work in the trenches," said one; "that's why I'm glad to get an officer's training."

Said another: "Oh, I agree with you about the compulsory feature—that isn't right. But of course we'll have another war before long, and we've got to be prepared. We're the richest nation there is now, and some country is sure to come and attack us. Just watch Japan."

Two boys told me rather shamefacedly that they were going on with the third year of officer's training on account of the money there was in it and their inability to find other jobs. One was the son of a school-teacher and the other was the son of a minister. One puffy, overfed youth who smiled at me indulgently remarked: "Oh, well, I had to do my stuff in the R. O. T. C. and I didn't like it very well, and now I'm mighty glad to see the freshies get theirs!"

Most of those approached showed but a mild interest on either side of the question. I doubt if more than twoscore have given any intelligent thought to the significance of the R. O. T. C. propaganda. It is true that most of them are in favor of abolishing the compulsory feature of the drill, but when they advocate this they will tell you at the same time that they firmly believe in preparedness.

These young men are tremendously concerned about the wickedness of other people. They are really convinced that powerful nations—Japan is the most frequently mentioned—are only waiting to catch us in an unguarded moment so they can spring at our throat and seize our vast wealth. They like to feel that they are "leaders of men," a phrase much used by recruiting officers, and you hear flowing glibly from their lips all the time-worn war slogans such as "Oh, I'm strong for peace, but you know men will fight because it's human nature."

Perhaps the most promising factor working against the R. O. T. C. is the spirit of ridicule it arouses. Some writers in our university publications have attacked the nuisance with clever pens. Boys don't like to go about with swords flapping against their legs when they hear such comments as "Lay off the can-opener!" Neither are they proud to be called members of the Rot Corpse or the Royal Order of Throat Cutters.

Seattle, Washington, May 6 JANE GARROTT

Our Destiny—Calvin

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: *The Nation* is usually so frank, fair, just, and right in its criticisms and comments that its persistent fault-finding in writing about President Coolidge seems like prejudice. The American people have had as executives men who seemed so admirably fitted for the times and so representative of the majority attitudes toward federal matters, at least when chosen, barring such contingencies as Fillmore, Johnson, and Arthur, that it has smacked of destiny. Calvin Coolidge is no exception.

There are five phases of the life of Mr. Coolidge that so please the American people that it is easy to account for his administrative immunity. He stands for a working understanding of the difficult relation of states' rights to federal functions; he is a normal agent in law enforcement in response to public opinion and not as a vicegerent of the Almighty; he is obdurate rather than obstinate and thus finds sympathy in the experience of every business manager and head of a family; he represents the sorrow, happiness, and mutual respect basic in the clean American family life; and he has an element of spiritism prevalent among us and giving vitality to our veneration for the Bible and the Constitution.

Orange, Virginia, May 7 CHARLES M. THOMAS

Mencken versus Poe

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Mencken outmenckened! Now has the critic at large to the tired business man outdone himself. In a recent *Nation* he decrees:

> Poe wrote abominably. Some of his most celebrated stories are done in a Johnsonese that would have disgraced the late Mr. Harding. . . . His poetry is popular in proportion as it justifies Emerson's sneer—to wit, that it consists of jingles.

Of course one need merely point the finger at anyone to whom Poe's poetry "consists of jingles."

But that America's foremost man of letters "wrote abominably" is quite the most staggering indictment ever brought against him. 'Tis on a par with the comment of a corporation lawyer who after trying the chiseled prose of the godlike Saltus remarked to me "I guess Saltus dictates that stuff of his at top speed." In all fairness I insist that the Baltimorean cite your readers *one* sentence of Johnsonese from one of Poe's "most celebrated stories." Just Johnsonese. It need not even be Johnsonese "that would have disgraced the late Mr. Harding."

New York, March 15 PAUL MUNTER

We Hope So

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The April 14 number of *The Nation*, with the large Spring Book Section, was great. The article in the regular section on The Nakedness of Colonel House was an eye-opener, as was also that on Samoa: Shall We Navalize or Civilize It? Thank God for these few publications, preeminent among which is *The Nation*, that are telling the truth about the misdoings of our Government, both past and present, and are thus letting the light into the dark places of its history. In time they will be able to compel general attention to the political corruption and the economic wrongs of the day, and then the needed reforms will be brought about.

Rochester, N. Y., April 15 JOHN P. EASTMAN

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International Relations Section

USSR Declines an Invitation

THE following text of the note with which Soviet Russia refused attendance at the Disarmament Conference of the League of Nations, dated April 7, 1926, was printed in the Berliner *Tageblatt* for April 13:

MR. GENERAL SECRETARY:

I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of March 18—No. 48,346—in which you were kind enough to inform me that the Council of the League of Nations has confirmed its earlier resolution to meet at Geneva for the preliminaries of the Disarmament Conference.

The declaration of the Swiss Government to which you refer, as well as its assertion that it is willing to treat the Soviet delegates as equals of the delegates of other countries, was well known to the Soviet Government before the dispatch of its letter of January 16 to the League of Nations. This declaration could not influence the decision which the Soviet Government has already made in this matter. When in 1922 the Swiss Government made possible the presence of the Soviet delegates at the Conference of Lausanne by granting to them diplomatic visas, it was likewise assumed then that the Soviet delegates would enjoy the same rights and privileges as the delegates of other countries. Nevertheless, the Swiss Government, though it was in due time informed of the threats that were openly expressed in extremist circles against the Soviet delegate, M. Worowski, not only took no precautionary measures to prevent the criminal act, but even after the crime did all in its power to secure immunity to the criminals. The fact that the Swiss Government has persistently refused to do its elementary international duty and to express through a satisfying official act is disapproval of the crime deprives the assurance given the League of Nations of all value and permits the conclusion that the Swiss Government in its attitude toward the USSR is still guided by the mentality of the same group which first encouraged the assassination of M. Worowski and then accepted it with approval. The Soviet delegates can therefore not count on more effective protection from the Swiss officials than in 1922.

The letters dated March 18 and December 12 contain no valid argument for the meeting of the preliminaries committee in Geneva. Several times international conferences, even those organized by the League of Nations, have met in various cities of Europe outside of Switzerland. The Soviet Government cannot understand the motives through which it is impossible that a Disarmament Conference at which the presence of the USSR is assumed as necessary cannot take place anywhere but in Switzerland. The last session of the League of Nations held in Geneva by no means proved the existence of an atmosphere at this seat of the League in any way favorable to the solution of international problems in the spirit of peace, to putting aside national interests, and to mutual concessions.

When first the Council of the League decided on Geneva as meeting-place it could only assume that the Soviet Government might object to such a choice. It was different when it affirmed its resolution of March 18, for then it had in its possession the categorical and formal declaration of the Soviet Government that it would on no account send delegates into Swiss territory. If the Council of the League still believes that it must adhere to its earlier resolution, one must necessarily draw the conclusion that the intention was from the very beginning to prevent the participation of the USSR in the Disarmament Conference and that all its formal declarations about the enormous importance which it ascribed to the cooperation of the USSR in the matter of disarmament lack sincerity and real worth. Presupposing that the non-participation of the USSR at the Disarmament Conference, which is definitely shown by its absence from the preliminaries, will serve as a pretext for other states (according to their previous declarations) to sabotage the work of complete disarmament, or the limitation of arms, one might conclude that the League of Nations, or its leaders, is not interested in having the conference achieve positive results. In other words, to use the language of a leading personality of European diplomacy:

> The preliminary arms conference at Geneva will meet, if it does meet, to discuss proposals upon which agreement is neither desired nor expected and which have been deliberately and disingenuously advanced in order to make failure certain.

One of the means that was used to insure this failure was the actual exclusion of the USSR from the conference which was the first to put the question of general disarmament with all its implications—the Genoa Conference in 1922. The USSR then called a conference of the border states for the consideration of this question, at which it made concrete and realizable proposals and then of its own free will reduced its armaments to the lowest possible status which it could accept in view of the refusal of the other states to limit their armaments.

Although the Soviet Government has thus given numerous proofs of its peaceable spirit and its sincere desire to see the idea of general disarmament realized, or at least to lighten the military burdens now laid upon the peoples, it has never concealed its distrust of the conference called by the League of Nations. Nevertheless it agreed to participation even if the prospects of success were very small. The decision of the leaders of the League in regard to the choice of the place of meeting has completely convinced the Soviet Government of lack of seriousness and sincerity in this undertaking of the League of Nations as well as of its incapability and unwillingness to undertake so important a task as the calling of a general disarmament conference. The Soviet Government will await the day with the greatest interest, and will work to bring it about, when this matter is taken up by a commission especially selected for the purpose, from which the atmosphere of tradition and intrigue found in Geneva is absent, which will offer better guaranties for success than does the League of Nations. The considerations mentioned above make an answer to your letter of March 19—No. 48,347—unnecessary.

Permit me, finally, to express the hope that the League of Nations will in the future endeavor to invite the Soviet Government only in such cases in which the leaders of the League really desire its participation.

I ask you, Mr. General Secretary, to accept the assurance of my highest esteem.

[Signed] CHICHERIN

Chinese Communists

COMMUNISTS were admitted to the Kuomintang, the Chinese Nationalist Party, at the first formal party congress held in Canton during the lifetime of Dr. Sun Yat-sen in 1924. It has often been charged that this small group, including at most a few thousand Chinese, controlled the policy of the Kuomintang, which in turn controls the Nationalist Government of Canton and South China and has strong organizations in the North. So strong has been the opposition to Communist participation in the party that a "moderate" anti-Communist wing last winter tried to separate and win control of the party organization outside of Canton. This makes the following statement of policy, issued by the Communist Party of Kwangtung (Canton) province, doubly interesting. It is reprinted from the Canton *Gazette* of April 1.

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To the Central Executive Committee of the Kuomintang of China,
The Council of the Nationalist Government,
The National Revolutionary Army,
The Citizens of Kwangtung Province.

The platform and principles of the Communist Party of China have long been known to the public. However, in view of the present prevalence of rumors fabricated by the imperialists and anti-revolutionists against the Communist Party, which is likely to affect the situation of Kwangtung we cannot but repeat our announcement in a solemn manner.

The object of the Communist Party of China is to help the Chinese propertyless proletariat and peasants acquire their emancipation, because the real and complete emancipation of the Chinese people can only be attained when the great majority of our population—the peasants and workers—has acquired emancipation. Our present endeavor in the anti-imperialist and anti-militarist movement is due to the fact that the propertyless proletariat and peasants must overthrow imperialism and militarism before they can acquire their final emancipation.

Apart from the propertyless proletariat and peasants, there are other classes in the community who have likewise to overthrow imperialism and militarism for the sake of their interests. This has given rise to the possibility of a united front in the anti-imperialism and anti-militarism movement, a united front especially deemed by the Communist Party of China as an imperative necessity for the overthrowing of imperialism and militarism. On this account we have ever endeavored to establish this united front. But the imperialists and their tools, who fear this kind of united front, have tried their best to fabricate rumors against the Communist Party, which represents the interests of peasants and workers, so as to frustrate this united front. This is the first point which our revolutionary leader and the revolutionary masses should pay attention to.

It was because the Communist Party recognized the Kuomintang as the leader of the present nationalist revolution that the Communist members determined to join the Kuomintang. The object of the Communist members in so doing is to enable the Kuomintang to stand as a party really capable of directing the national revolution. It is for the same reason that we want the Kuomintang to be united and directed under strong revolutionary guidance.

As the imperialists and the dismissed or active anti-revolutionary members of the Kuomintang cherish bitter hatred for the Communist Party, they have voiced denunciations of the Communist Party with a view to disintegrating the Kuomintang and ousting its active members. This is the second point which the revolutionary leader and revolutionary masses should pay attention to.

The Nationalist Government is recognized by the Communist Party as the basis for nationalist revolution and as the headquarters of anti-imperialism in China. Therefore we have gathered the workers and peasants to do their best to help the Nationalist Government in its consolidation and development. The Communist members are active members endeavoring to help the Nationalist Government to unify military, civil, and financial affairs and construct an honest government. Consequently those opposing the unification of the military, civil, and financial affairs of Kwangtung, such as the Hongkong imperialists, the militarists, the compradore class, the landlords, the wicked gentry, and corrupt officials, become the bitter enemies of the Communist Party, trying their best to fabricate rumors in the hope that the Nationalist Government may be deprived of the support of the peasantry and laboring masses and its foundation shaken thereby. This is the third point which the revolutionary leader and the revolutionary masses should pay attention to.

At present the Hongkong imperialists and all reactionary elements, desiring to restore their former influence in Kwangtung, have attempted to overthrow the Nationalist Government and disintegrate the national revolutionary army. For this reason they are keener in denouncing the Communist Party and even go so far as to fabricate the rumor that the latter party is conspiring to overthrow the Nationalist Government. We hereby solemnly declare to the public that the Communist Party has always helped the Nationalist Government and the masses of Kwangtung to struggle with the imperialists, militarists, compradore class, landlords, wicked gentry, and corrupt officials; that the Communist Party is endeavoring to organize unions of workers and peasants, which will serve as a safeguard to the Nationalist Government as well as the basis of nationalist revolution; and that the Communist Party has resolved not to give up its revolutionary work merely on the ground of its enemies' rumors and denunciations. We also take this opportunity to warn the public that, in view of the present rumors of the imperialists and anti-revolutionists against the Communist Party with the purpose of disintegrating the national revolutionary energy, frustrating the Kuomintang, overthrowing the Nationalist Government and endangering the peace of Kwangtung, we must urge the revolutionary leaders and the revolutionary masses to rise up and break this intrigue; and at the same time we must unite in a common struggle for the common object of overthrowing imperialism and militarism and establishing a United Nationalist Government of All China.

(Signed) - Executive Committee, Kwangtung Section, Communist Party of China

Contributors to This Issue

Hendrik W. van Loon is the author and illustrator of "The Story of Mankind" and "Tolerance." His cartoons appear weekly in *The Nation*.

J. Ramsay MacDonald was the first Labor Prime Minister of England.

Alter Brody is a young playwright and poet who has made translations from the Yiddish.

William Hard is well known as a newspaper and magazine writer.

Ludwig Lewisohn is the author of "Upstream" and "Israel."

Witter Bynner is the author of "A Canticle of Pan" and several other volumes of verse.

Clarence Walworth Alvord is an American historian at present in Paris.

Stuart Chase is the author of "The Tragedy of Waste." He is a special editorial writer on the staff of *The Nation*.

Johan J. Smertenko is the editor of the *Zionist*.

Alice Beal Parsons is the author of "Woman's Dilemma."

John Haynes Holmes is pastor of the Community Church of New York. He is a director of the Civil Liberties Union and the author of "Is Violence the Way Out?"

Hartley Alexander is professor of philosophy at the University of Nebraska and the author of "Manito Masks."

Llewelyn Powys is the author of "Black Laughter." His latest book is "The Verdict of Bridlegoose."

Jane E. Harrison was at one time lecturer in classical archaeology at Newnham College, Cambridge. Her latest publication is "Epilegomena to Study of Greek Religion."

Talbot Faulkner Hamlin is a New York architect.

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Summer Book Section

Catullus in Verona

By LUDWIG LEWISOHN

WERE those the Capulets and Montagues brawling beneath our window? Almost all night hoarse and excited voices rose from the narrow street under the pointed arches of the half Venetian doorways. Perhaps the Veronese are still a quarrelsome folk; perhaps they were only taking a natural delight, after a manner of their own, in the soft night of stars over their enchanted city.

The brilliant morning was peaceful enough. On the obligatory Piazza Vittorio Emanuele of every surviving Italian city people were already loitering in the cafes under the shady arches. To them the great Roman amphitheater on the northeast side of the square threw an accustomed shadow. If evening brought no rain, they might stroll in and see a variety performance or an American film from the seats whence their ancestors watched gladiatorial games. But those ancestors are remote from them not only in time. They will, of course, point out the amphitheater, the *arena*, to the stranger and also tell him to see the well-preserved *teatro romano* in its hill-garden beside the Adige. What they have at heart is the Piazza dei Signori where, in approved Venetian fashion, the doves flutter about the modern monument of Dante or the Piazza d'Erbe where the Madonna Verona on her tall column still receives the vows and prayers of the simple.

The city remembers her medieval period; it remembers the Scaligeri whose richly fretted tombs still show their intricate perfection off the Piazza dei Signori; it remembers that Can Grande who built the old castle by the river and many other strong keeps as far to the north as Malcesine on the Alpine shore of the Lago di Garda, who, above all, offered a first refuge to the great Florentine poet driven into exile. It remembers, too, its not inglorious later period of Venetian dominance when the winged lion was lifted to his column on the Piazza d'Erbe, when the great palaces were built and Pietro, the painter, assuming the name of his city, made it more illustrious throughout Italy and the world. Of these periods and names the monuments, as enduring as brass, remain. Why should the Veronese remember him whom I sought, for whose sake, indeed, I had come here—the poet in a long archaic dialect to whose birth and habitation no legend or tradition points? Nor have the foreign lovers of the city remembered him. To them Verona has been a Shakespearean scene of passion and of death or, as to Rossetti, a sojourn of Dante or, as to Miss Amy Lowell, the place where stands the Castel Vecchio of Can Grande. So the Veronese have commemorated all their glories. Only not him, their earliest and, indeed, their only poet, that Caius Valerius Catullus who because he was rightly called Veronensis first raised their city from obscurity.

It is a pity. For the Veronese have a talent for commemoration. Off the Piazza d'Erbe in a narrow, crowded street stands a gaunt and ancient house once splendid, but now a dwelling-place of the poor. Under an arched doorway you enter a spacious courtyard. There are stables here now and the women of the people hang their drying linen from the balconies. But the arches remain and the balconies. And over the great doorway the Veronese have caused to be graven into the stone one of the tenderest and most exquisite inscriptions in the world: "Queste furono le case dei Capuleti d'onde usci la Giulietta per cui tanto piansero i cuori gentili e i poeti canterono." How beautiful that is, and how far in time and color if not in mood from the poet for some trace of whom I was searching.

Remoter from him still is the lovely Piazza dei Signori with the Venetian columns and arcades of its palaces—the Palazzo della Ragione and the Palazzo del Consiglio—one of the loveliest squares, in fact, in all Italy, tranquil yet not devoid of life, small enough to fill the eye at once with the unstudied symmetry of its thousand graces. And remote from my poet with a complete spiritual alienation which I share, the old chapel of the Scaligeri, the S. Maria antica in which, doubtless, the hooded Dante stood meditating on the circles of hell in which the wicked were to be cast.

I was quite ready to give up my seeking. But we went, as in duty bound, to the garden of the Palazzo Giusti, climbing up the sheer hillside with its incredibly ancient, dark, and shapely cypresses, with statues standing, as they should, out in the sun and rain, statues probably of a late Roman period, yet belonging, after all, to the world in which Catullus lived and moved. Descending the hill-garden on the left, moreover, and passing the statues in their niches along that sunny left wall I saw upon an almost wholly obliterated Roman slab the words: *P. Valerivs . . . filio. . . .* No doubt it is my ignorance of classical archaeology that made me stop with a beating heart. No doubt the stone and inscription are too late to have anything to do with that original Valerian *gens* of Verona from which Catullus sprang. But it was something to have seen, at least, this late shadow of my poet's name here in his native city. And if any one doubt the exactness of my observation, let him, on being admitted by the gardener to the Giusti garden, turn immediately to the left until he comes upon the statue of Bacchus in the first niche of the left wall and then follow the wall until he reaches the Roman slab that bears the poet's family name. He will be rewarded, too, by the delicious inscription under the statue of Bacchus which I copied on the spot: "Ambulator, ne trepides, Baccum amatorem non bellatorem ad Genium loci Dominus P."

The failure of the Veronese to commemorate their great poet may, of course, be due to a vague impression which one meets elsewhere too that his connection with the city is not certain and definite in character. That impression is wholly unfounded. If no other evidence existed it would suffice to read once more the hendecasyllabic lines in which Catullus begs the paper on which he is writing to tell Caecilius, that jolly friend of his and tender poet, to leave other haunts and come to Verona:

> Poetae tenero, meo sodali,
> velim Caecilio, papyre, dicas:
> Veronam veniat.

The tone makes it perfectly clear that Catullus wanted

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Caecilius to visit him at *his* home, at Verona. And that he was indeed a Veronese was accepted by his successors in Latin literature as a fact universally known. "Mantua," says Ovid, "delights in her Virgil, Verona in her Catullus." Martial confirms this tradition that once, at least, Catullus was not without honor in the city of his birth. "Verona," he declared, "loves the measures of her learned bard"—

Verona docti syllabas amat vatis.

And all the Latin poets, including Horace, call Catullus learned, for it was he who, despite Horace's too inclusive boast, first "transferred the song of the Greeks to Italian measures" and actually translated a song of Sappho and the brilliant Coma Berenices of Callimachus. I need not add out of my little knowledge that the elder Pliny too speaks of Catullus as a Veronese and that the late Ausonius, quoting in his own verse the first line of Catullus's first poem, adds: "As a certain Veronese poet remarks"—

Veronensis ait poeta quondam.

It is not without reason that one looks for some trace of Catullus in that city of so much later but, to my way of thinking, much lesser glory before seeking memories of him beside that "limpid lake" with which his name is forever connected.

We followed the route indicated in Tennyson's rather honeyed verses. One no longer rows but motors from Desenzano to Sirmione, the *venusta Sirmio* of Catullus, the "gem of islands and of almost islands," the "paeninsularum insularumque ocelle" of the immortal verses. Hither Catullus came from his arduous journeyings in the East; hither to the villa that was home to him, that he greeted in lines which express once and forever a rooted and eternal human feeling. "Oh what is more blessed than when, all cares laid aside, our mind puts down its burden and, tired of toil and wandering, we come to our own hearthstone and rest ourselves on our long-yearned-for couch!"

O quid solutis est beatius curis,
cum mens onus reponit, ac peregrino
labore fessi venimus Larem ad nostrum,
desideratoque adquiescimus lecto.

The whole Sirmio poem, as well as that of Tennyson, is dutifully engraved on the walls of the veranda of the Grand Hotel Sirmione, which is not grand at all; but I saw no eye seeking the inscriptions except an occasional lack-luster one. Below the veranda the Lago di Garda stretches its blue expanse dotted with the orange sails of the fishermen's boats, and quite near the hotel, more grateful to the tourist mind than memories of a poet dead two thousand years, rises the dour and warlike keep of the Scaligeri with moat and walls and archers' stations extending far out into the lake, intact and formidable still.

One leaves the castle not unwillingly behind and, passing through the cramped alleys and under the crumbling arches of an indescribably picturesque fishing village, strikes out upon the sunny, winding road which measures the whole length of the peninsula. From sparse groves emerge here and there pink villas in the worst modern Italian style. But soon these disappear too, and one reaches, through a little wood of pines, the extreme point of the peninsula. Here the lake is radiant on three sides—sapphire merging into chrysoprase; here one stands as, so profoundly, one should stand, in the midst of an olive orchard. The silvery leaves twinkle in the light breeze. An old man, barefoot, severe of countenance, digs the weeds from the roots of the old, contorted olive trees. One stands very still and hears, above the sighing of the breeze at one's ear, the lapping and murmuring of the water—the laughter of the Lydian waves of the lake which greeted the home-coming of the poet long ago. But where are the ruins of the reputed villa of Catullus which the natives here glibly call Grotto di Catullo? And why *grotto?*

Going to the very edge of the peninsula one discovers its point here to be a cliff which falls sheer, about thirty feet, at the northern tip, but slopes gently and gradually on the western side. And on this slope the ruins come in view at once: massive Roman arches of brick through which the lake glitters now, tall chambers still partly roofed. The marble quarried from this very cliff is gone; the mosaic pavements are replaced by grasses, by blue flowers, by the scarlet trembling poppies.

The ruins, closely examined, prove to be those of a great house or, probably, those of a great house and a somewhat smaller one a hundred feet farther left. Of the smaller villa a few square feet of mosaic pavement remain. The situation of either—if my guess of there having been two be correct—corresponds precisely with Catullus's description of the lake, of his house, of the very winds that blew upon it. Was the great house his? He was never rich; he was often in actual straits. He tells his friend Fabullus on the occasion of an invitation to dine that he has been hard up so long that the spiders spin their webs in his poor little purse ("tui Catulli plenus sacculus est aranearum"); his verses to Cicero have a tang of the bitterness, the self irony of a sensitive spirit wounded by the necessity of receiving favors. Perhaps it was the great house that exhausted his narrow means; perhaps the smaller one was his. It matters little. For no bit of marble remains that his hand might have touched and only that bit of pavement which might have been trodden by his foot. But on this exquisite bit of earth he walked and rested and suffered and meditated some of the greatest lyrical poetry in all literature.

Here by these arches, among the poppies that run to the edge of the lake, I thought over the poems that I have known and loved so long. The famous show passages are not the best. Though it must be remembered that Catullus first struck that deep, grave Roman note on human mortality—"nox est perpetua una dormienda—"

Let us live, my Lesbia, let us love!
Let us heed not old men's jeering cries.
Lo, the suns may wane in heaven above,
But the morning finds them in the skies.
We alone, when sets our little light,
We must sleep through an eternal night;

though he struck that note first, yet it came as spontaneously from Horace, whose "pulvis et umbra sumus" is ever more celebrated.

No, this formal splendor of poetic speech is not the best of Catullus. It is almost part of the Latin language and you will find it occasionally even in Seneca and Claudian. But Catullus, early as he came, perhaps because the language was still more fluid, made of the stately Latin an incomparable instrument of tenderness, of scorn, of passion, and of yearning. He had a high laconic note, too: "Semihaec prius fuere"; or the famous "odi et amo" with its far more remarkable conclusion: "fieri sentio et excrucior." But

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at his most characteristic a human voice cries out to us as no other from the long roll of Latin verse:

Fulsere vere candidi tibi soles!

How clear the sound of the voice is in the little halting word *vere*, like a catch in the throat; how clear it is in the concentrated despair of that last cry over the faithless Clodia: "Caeli, Lesbia illa, Lesbia nostra . . ."; how deep and earnest it sounds in its declaration of an almost modern and romantic attitude toward the object of the poet's passion: "Dilexi tum te, non tantum ut vulgus amicam . . ." and in the whole of the eternally fresh, deep, and pertinent "Jucundum, mea vita."

The Lesbia poems are, of course, the best known. They have the lyrical cry, they have those sudden exact and speaking images that are so rare in the poetry of the ancients: "Like the farthest flower of the meadow after it has been touched by the passing plough"—

velut prati
ultimi flos, praetereunte postquam
tactus aratro est.

Less often remembered are Catullus's moments of high and gallant imaginative vision:

Ad claras Asiae volemus urbes;

less often his humor and irony as in the poem on the affected Arrius or the grinning Egnatius with its terse and whiplike

nam risu inepto res ineptior nulla est;

least often the imaginative power and soaring music of the two great marriage odes which Ben Jonson and Herrick loved to imitate.

What was most characteristic of him, as it is of every poet, is his rhythm, his inner music which, beyond the formalities of meter, is the authentic voice of his genius. And whether he used the too tripping hendecasyllables or the, in itself, unlovely *scazon* or limping measure, or the Sapphic stanza which has, on his lips, not yet the suave Horatian perfection, we hear a tragic rapture of sheer song unmatched save by the very greatest of the lyrical poets, ancient or modern, who came after him. Read his elegiac couplets and then those of Ovid and the difference is clear. The verses of Catullus are the very music of human longing and of human grief. The later poet's are mellifluous exercises by comparison. Nor did Catullus miss, as lesser lyrists have often done, the great thunder and organ music of verse. Only he combined it in the tumultuous galliambics of the "Atys" with wild and mystical reverberations, with the haunting cries of primitive and unheard-of things. But I know in all literature no more consummate music than that of

ubi cymbalum sonat vox, ubi tympana reboant,

or of

Dea magna, dea Cybele, dea domina Dindymi. . . .

We were almost alone among the ruins by those Lydian waves. The few other people who loitered there had come to bathe and because Italy is cheap. It was the falling lira that brought them hither. These ruins were like any other ruins to them. There are so many anyhow. I turned back reluctantly to the grove of olives. How often is the shade of the poet appeased here in his old dwelling-place by any true thought of him? How often? But we, too, had to go from the lake and the poppies and the ruins of his house and bid his shade, as he once bade his brother's, an eternal farewell:

atque in perpetuum, frater, ave atque vale!

The True Woodrow Wilson

By OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

HARD upon the heels of Colonel House's extraordinary self-revelations, according to which he himself was in large degree the real Woodrow Wilson, comes this authoritative story of Mr. Wilson's introduction to political life, of his political experiences in the State of New Jersey, and of his subsequent career in Washington.* Mr. James Kerney, owner of the Trenton *Times*, has given us a plain, straightforward narrative, obviously truthful, obviously meant to be just, yet kindly, and one that is of compelling interest. He makes no pretense to style, but he has written a fascinating story which moves directly and effectively from beginning to end and is full of interest even for those who have been devoted students of Mr. Wilson's career. One of the three or four men who made Mr. Wilson's success as Governor possible and who coached him as to personalities and politics, no one else could write with superior authority upon this important phase of the tragic President's career. In addition, Mr. Kerney is the possessor of many original documents and personal letters from and to Mr. Wilson which constitute historical material of the first importance. Because of the greater fame of Colonel House and the greater importance of Mr. Wilson's presidential career, Mr. Kerney's book cannot hope to have the prominence given to the modest Colonel's. But no historian of the future can write of Mr. Wilson's career without consulting this remarkable volume. For herein is to be found the genesis and the best analysis of Woodrow Wilson the President.

Like Colonel House's volumes, this book will give no happiness to those idolaters of Mr. Wilson who will admit no flaws in the genius and the achievements of their hero. Every greatly distinguished American raises up followers who refuse to examine facts in regard to him and, if brought face to face with them, calmly wave them aside. James G. Blaine had many such, and so of course did Theodore Roosevelt, whose passionate admirers often refused to apply the ethical measuring-stick to any of the Rough Rider's acts; to them he was above all rules of conduct. Such dissimilar figures as Calvin Coolidge and Woodrow Wilson have similar undiscriminating adorers. Those who are entirely smitten with them simply close their minds to the unpleasant things. Mr. Kerney has not essayed the role of historian without swearing fidelity to the truth. He may not be read by those who worship Woodrow Wilson, but his story must carry conviction to all with open minds.

It was an extraordinary metamorphosis, this of the chrysalis Wilson into a full-fledged political butterfly. He knew nothing whatever of politics in his State, nor of the men who engineered them. He was sensitive, shy, deathly afraid of newspapermen, and righteously indignant at their ineptitudes and their misreporting. His political and economic views were those of the classroom theorist unmolded by any contacts with the realities of political or economic life. His history of the United States, a mediocre performance, betrayed no real understanding of economic forces or of deep democratic currents. Given to being self-

* "The Political Education of Woodrow Wilson." By James Kerney. The Century Company. $4.

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centered, he had just emerged, defeated, from a worthy fight for democracy in Princeton, a battle marred by intense personal animosities, by bitter hatreds cherished by him until his death with a vindictiveness equaled only by his feeling toward men like Debs and Lodge who opposed some of his war and peace policies. It was a profound relief for Mr. Wilson to turn his back upon that university scene of strife and bitterness and enter a new field where the coveted governorship was surely to be a stepping-stone to higher things.

Here Mr. Kerney steps in. "All the politics that are in me I learned in New Jersey," Wilson declared on October 26, 1914, but he always failed to enumerate his teachers—indeed, as in so many cases, he was ready to cast them off without sacraments, no matter how faithful they might have been, if they made a first misstep. As Mr. Kerney points out, those who differed became pitiful or "wilful" or "did not know what they were talking about." When he had finished using politicians he discarded them. It was not an uncommon thing for him to say of a would-be visitor: "Why should I see him? I sucked his brains long ago." But the brains of others he needed because he had to change quickly, almost overnight, from a university conservative into a political radical who called for revolution —not forcible, of course, but revolution none the less; who declared that the Government must be rescued from Wall Street and brought down upon himself the bitter anger of Big Business, as he had that of the Princeton conservatives, until he did what Wall Street wished—plunged the Government into the World War and turned that Government over to the very men to whom he had denied the White House, only to lose his battle as completely as he had lost that at Princeton.

What were the things that Mr. Wilson had said and done which he had to forget or unlearn when he entered politics? He had written in defense of the political bosses and managers: "It is unjust to despise them." He had declared, he who later was to appoint a Federal Trade Commission and a Federal Reserve Board and several others, that federal regulation of corporations was "compounded of confused thinking and impossible principles of law." He had opposed governmental control of railroads because that would "merely mean taking the former away from the people and putting it into the hands of political discontent." He was opposed to the "socialist" doctrine of publicity for corporations—he who later coined the phrase "pitiless publicity" and demanded it. He had bitterly attacked the unions: "I am a fierce partisan of the Open Shop and of everything that makes for personal liberty . . ."—he who later did more than any other to put the present-day fetters upon personal liberty and rejoiced in keeping hundreds of men in jail for their opinions. In his classroom he had bitterly assailed the initiative, referendum, and recall. He embraced all three within a year of his plunge into politics. He who had eulogized the bosses and their conventions established the direct primary as his first reform achievement in New Jersey. Having railed against too much government control of business and declared that we should create no more governmental commissions but rely upon our courts, he obtained the enactment of a public-utilities commission and a bill permitting New Jersey cities to be governed by commission—the latter bill only after he was shown that this would help greatly in his presidential quest, precisely as later he who disliked intellectual women and the vote for women came out for woman suffrage when it became plain that he could not hope for reelection as President unless he did so. Always an ardent civil-service reformer, he, as Governor, frequently violated the spirit and letter of that reform and, as Mr. Kerney points out, sponsored appointments justifiable only as the outgrowth of political exigencies—precisely as he later filled some of the highest diplomatic posts with those who had paid large sums into his campaign funds.

But why go on? Surely no more of Mr. Kerney's facts are necessary to prove the complete alteration of the man as to policies. He, like Roosevelt and many another, after he had made a complete somersault had the power often to persuade himself that his new position was really in line with his former beliefs. He could believe one thing passionately one moment and its exact opposite the next. When that self-deception was not possible Mr. Wilson frankly admitted the change of opinion and often defended it by saying: "I'll agree not to change my mind, if someone with the power to do so will guarantee that if I go to bed at night I will get up in the morning and see the world the same way." So he adopted all the advanced political theories of men like George L. Record of New Jersey, still an ardent champion of popular rights, and of William S. U'Ren of Oregon—men with whom he would never have sympathized had he not entered politics and sought preferment. As Mr. Kerney says:

> By nature stubborn and self-reliant, and with a masterful rhetoric, he was able to assemble in his own hands most extraordinary powers. He did not create favorable chances, but he quickly discerned and seized them when they came. None was so agile in grabbing another's ideas and making them his own. Dressed up in marvelous language, their source was soon forgotten.

How Mr. Wilson could change his opinions as to men Mr. Kerney illustrates again and again. The most famous case is, of course, that of Bryan, whom he had wished "knocked into a cocked hat"—and later made Secretary of State. Mr. Kerney, by the way, properly attributes the winning of Bryan to that charming, wise, and understanding woman, the first Mrs. Wilson, whose death at a critical time is believed by many to have removed an insuperable obstacle to her husband's putting the United States into the World War.* Colonel House, of course, claims credit for the capture of Mr. Bryan and also, equally dubiously, for winning the Texas delegation for Wilson, conveniently forgetting, as Mr. Kerney points out, that Colonel Thomas B. Love had Texas well in hand before House joined Wilson after flirting with Gaynor and others. Indeed, Mr. Kerney's book is a mine of facts for anyone who would check up the astounding romancing of Colonel House. No one can, for instance, read his account of the Baltimore Convention, which Colonel House, fearing defeat, dodged by going to Europe, without seeing how small a part the Texan played there.

Although Mr. Kerney writes with particular knowledge of the New Jersey part of Mr. Wilson's career, his story of Mr. Wilson in Washington is also of highest historical importance. He, of course, portrays the pleasant

* Mrs. Wilson's sagacity also showed itself later when she opposed Mr. Bryan's coming into the Cabinet on the ground that a break between him and Wilson would be inevitable. "She," says Kerney, "knew how difficult it was for her husband to get along with individuals." "Who can say," asks the author, "how the death of this modest, self-denying, and self-effacing woman affected the future of the world?"

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and fine side of Mr. Wilson, his extraordinary ability, his exquisite oratory, and his irresistible urbanity and charm when he chose to unbend and set himself to win people—he could as readily fascinate a group of "low-brow party politicians" as he could a gathering of intellectuals. Mr. Kerney stresses better than anyone else Mr. Wilson's hammer-and-tongs political fighting when he was aroused, his Lincoln-like aptness with stories, his quick, scorching wit, his often winning appearance, his power to dash off work when he set himself to it, his ability to master a problem of great difficulty, his extraordinary intellect, his power to clothe ideas in thrilling words. No truer picture of Wilson the man has yet come from any pen.

But while giving Mr. Wilson credit where credit is due Mr. Kerney shows clearly how he failed at Paris—where Mr. Kerney himself rendered valuable service. The picture of the Versailles disaster is illuminated by quotations from Mr. Kerney's talks with Clemenceau and by his own shrewd and penetrating comments. Then Mr. Kerney shows, for the first time I believe, the exact facts as to Mr. Wilson's illness and the Government of the United States by proxy by three usurpers when the President was unconscious or incapacitated — for seventeen months the voice-pieces of the Executive were the second Mrs. Wilson and Dr. Grayson. Again Mr. Kerney puts forth correctly, quoting at length a remarkable letter from George L. Record to Mr. Wilson in Paris, the exact reasons why Mr. Wilson utterly failed as a social and economic reformer and why, quite aside from the question of the World War, the cause of progress and liberalism is worse off today in the United States than it would have been if Mr. Wilson had never entered politics and espoused it. Sometimes it seems as if the purpose of the guiding power of the universe was to prove through Mr. Wilson the partial truth of Shakespeare's saying that "the evil that men do lives after them."

Finally, Mr. Kerney draws some pathetic pictures of the broken Wilson as he neared his end. His last conversation with Mr. Kerney was striking indeed. It was at the time of the Ruhr invasion. He said: "I would like to see Germany clean up France and I would like to meet Jusserand and tell him that to his face." Louis Loucheur was the only French politician, he declared, who had told him the truth in Paris. None the less, as Mr. Kerney records, he "continued to believe in the magic of his own world formula" to heal the world he helped to plunge into chaos.

If the judgment of the historian of the future as to Woodrow Wilson is in accord with the facts and truth it will be amazingly like James Kerney's.

Cafe

By WITTER BYNNER

This, this again after years, these marble tables
With their fluctuating passion of repose:
Cigarette smoke, cigar smoke, pipe smoke, at intervals;
Cards and checker-boards, and half-intent profiles;
And a sense of peace over the table levels,
Like the peace I have found enlarged out of doors
Over table-lands of desert with cigar-puffs of cloud—
Except that I am so much smaller there,
Where the wrinkles I see in mirrors are unmirrored
And where I myself am of marble with blue veins of sky.

First Glance

SEVERAL readings of "Selected Poems: 1909-1925," by T. S. Eliot (London: Faber and Gwyer: 7/6), have convinced me that the thing most worth saying at present about Mr. Eliot is not that he is an expatriated American, or that he writes "difficult" poems, or that he is one of the most interesting and austere (if also the most deliberately arid) of contemporary literary critics, or that he is perhaps the most unanswerable of living pessimists in verse, or that he is a desiccating satirist, or that he is elegant and tired, or that he is the spokesman *par excellence* for those fairly numerous spirits who believe that our civilization has come to a dead end. This last is the most important of the secondary things which could be said and are being said about Mr. Eliot, and I must confess that in itself it greatly interests me—as whom would it not? For, leaving aside the question whether or not our culture is truly dying or dead, Mr. Eliot's suspicion that it is obviously explains his subject matter and his style. It explains his preoccupation with bald old age and withered wisdom, with the mock-meanings of human passion, with nerveless gestures, with toothless thoughts in long-deserted heads; it accounts, I suppose, for his indifference to most of the current poetic themes; and it furnishes the key, certainly, to an otherwise baffling technique. In particular, of course, it explains The Waste Land, which bulks pretty large in the present volume—a volume of only ninety pages, though it contains most of Mr. Eliot's published poetry. But all this is no sufficient reason for calling Mr. Eliot one of the finest of twentieth-century poets, as I am convinced he is. The possibility that literary historians five centuries hence may be able to sum up our generation by quoting the badly fractured end of The Waste Land—that splintered passage in which the poet seems to be saying that there is no language any more wherewith to say the thing, whatever it is, which might be said and is not worth saying—does not affect the fact that for us here and now Mr. Eliot is fine.

What impressed me most in this rereading of the poems was their familiarity. I discovered that I had, without ever trying to do so, come very near to knowing many of them by heart; or if not that, I experienced the pleasure—for me perhaps the keenest of all pleasures—of recognizing a classic where I had not known any classic was. It is an achievement, surely, for a poet who has produced on the whole so little, and who has fashioned that little so ingeniously that always on its first appearance it was harsh or shocking, to have arrived in fifteen years at a position where he may be acclaimed beautiful and perfect. It is well known that the quatrain of Mr. Eliot's Sweeney poems has found many fascinated imitators, and no sensitive reader can ever have been unaware of the workmanship which went into the invention of that stanza or into the free verse of certain longer pieces. But no one has paid adequate tribute to Mr. Eliot's skill and felicity in everything he does. The thing next in order is an analysis, if one is at all possible, of Mr. Eliot's manner—or manners. Meanwhile I rest hugely content with The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock, Preludes, Rhapsody on a Windy Night, Morning at the Window, The Hippopotamus, all of the Sweeney poems, and most of The Waste Land.

MARK VAN DOREN

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A British Jefferson

Life and Letters of Thomas Jefferson. By Francis W. Hirst. The Macmillan Company. $6.

THIS book is somewhat homiletic in character. Before the eyes of a reactionary and oligarchical world Mr. Hirst would project the figure of the lovable apostle of democracy in the hope of creating a more favorable attitude of mind toward popular government. He believes that the worshipers of Hamilton have treated his hero unfairly; in his introduction and elsewhere he belabors mightily, but justly, Oliver's life of the great Federalist, which he thinks represents British opinion on the struggle between the two protagonists of opposing politics at the opening of our national history. Since the author so honestly reveals his purpose, one should not criticize him too severely. If this is the kind of biography he wanted to write, he is the doctor. But it is not the manner of the true historian, who always throws out a smoke-screen of impartiality.

The form of the biography is that of the well-known English variety—a narrative interspersed with long extracts from the writings of the subject. Such a treatment lends itself readily to urbane biographies of noblemen who have played their part in public life. Good mannered Mr. Hirst's work is; but, except for his occasional castigation of Messrs. Oliver and Eckenrode for their misinterpretations, his style does not reflect the rough-and-tumble political character of Jefferson's period. A convincing portrait of Jefferson hardly emerges from the book.

The principal difficulty which the author, who is an economist, has had to overcome is an ignorance of American history. To write of Jefferson it is necessary to know more than the published letters of some of the Fathers. The newspapers and pamphlets of the time must be carefully studied and their meaning digested; thus only can the spirit of the epoch be understood. Of such fundamental research Mr. Hirst shows not a sign. Moreover, he reveals an ignorance of much of the monographic literature which has within recent years thrown a flood of light upon the period. For instance, his work shows no trace of a reading of the important researches of Osgood, Andrews, and Beer on the American Revolution. Mr. Hirst is satisfied with the word of the prejudiced Trevelyan. He does quote Professor Channing once. In his discussion of the Constitution and the development of parties the contributions of Charles A. Beard are ignored. Of the West and its part in the history of the time he is equally ignorant. Jefferson's national land policy is not explained, and I find only a passing reference to his influence upon the Northwest Ordinance; no mention is made of his Indian policy. The author's knowledge of Burr's plans is derived from Jeffersonian sources alone.

The above statements, I fear, will not attract prospective readers to this stout volume. Yet in spite of errors of omission and commission, it is decidedly worth perusal. An Englishman's opinion on an important American subject is always interesting; and here we have such an opinion based upon a careful study of the most apparent and readily accessible sources of information. Mr. Hirst is a noted British economist, and where Jefferson's policies touched financial matters he may be said to have voiced a most weighty opinion, even if he has not actually made a contribution. Economic questions are very much to the fore today in both national and international affairs; and to read the favorable judgment of an expert who has seriously reexamined Jefferson's financial principles and administration—which so many historians, blinded by the teachings of the Manchester school, have concurred in utterly condemning—is, to say the least, illuminating. What has interested me most is the author's audacity in placing Jefferson's financial policy in comparison with the much exalted Hamiltonian program. He finds Jefferson on the whole a competent critic in a field in which his opponent is acknowledged a master. But Jefferson has been most severely criticized by historians of the New England school for his embargo policy during his second administration. With them Mr. Hirst takes direct issue. Comparing his hero with Turgot, he writes: "In the case of Jefferson we see how a suppler statesman encompassed by difficulties, different indeed, but not less formidable, successfully maintained peace with honor during a world war; and for eight years, while European rulers loaded debt and taxes on the backs of their wretched subjects, went on relieving his countrymen of the burdens and obligations that had been incurred during their struggle for independence." And again: "Jefferson's statesmanship never shone brighter than in these dark and difficult days of the embargo, for which he has been so often and unjustly assailed." I, too, may be prejudiced, but this sounds to me like good common sense, and I am glad to read the opinion in the work of an economist.

CLARENCE WALWORTH ALVORD

The Long Shadow

The Rise of Modern Industry. By J. L. and Barbara Hammond. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.75.

HAVING delved with the greatest scholarship and devotion into the condition of the farm laborer and the town laborer in England, the Hammonds now gather their detailed sketches together and give us on a large canvas the onward sweep of the industrial revolution. Some might believe that the industrial revolution began on a Sunday afternoon in the spring of 1765 when to the mind of James Watt, a mechanical instrument-maker taking a walk on Glasgow Green, came the solution of the problem of what made an engine cylinder both hot and cold. Not so the Hammonds. To them Watt is but a final landmark on a road that had been building for centuries. The germs of mass production were liberated long before the coming of coal and iron and power.

We may recognize two chief systems of human economy. In the one the local group is self-sustaining; it raises and finds all its own food, shelter, and clothing. This is the immemorial background of human life. In the other the local group depends on outside groups for a considerable share of its subsistence. Which in turn makes the trader and his transport vital factors. Ancient Greece knew the second system; Rome knew it preeminently; the Far East has utilized it from time to time and from place to place for thousands of years. But by and large, Europe, from the collapse of the Roman Empire to the voyage of Columbus, maintained the economy of self-supporting local groups. The manor, the town, the guild were largely independent, if not of themselves, then certainly of the outside world. International trade was a hazardous business and primarily concerned with the silks, the spices, the slave girls, and the jeweled adornments of the lords and seigneurs. Meanwhile in 1700 it took a week to travel from London to York, so utterly wretched were the roads. Even a Roman road must obey the laws of depreciation in a thousand repairless years, which was evidence not so much of slackness as of an economy which did not require through lines of transport.

Quantity production, however, demands efficient transport. With its industrial specialization it demands an economy which can bring food to factory workers and factory products to food growers—over great areas and for great distances. So before the steam engine could function in any revolutionary sense a groundwork of world-wide transport and trade had to be laid down. Also a condition which comprehended a reasonably mobile, reasonably exploitable labor force had to be created. According to the Hammonds, the seeds of the industrial revolution were germinated along the following general lines:

1. Columbus and his fellow-explorers brought about a commercial and trading revolution.

2. While the Spaniards gutted the New World of its gold, the English colonists, lacking gold-fields, were forced into trade

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with the mother country, thus establishing an intercontinental exchange of goods in bulk.

3. "The European wars of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries did more harm to industry on the Continent than in England, and the religious and political strife of the seventeenth century left England with a constitution and government more favorable to commercial development than those of France. . . . For these reasons England was the most likely theater for the industrial revolution."

4. The inclosure acts in England as well as the decline of the guilds had uprooted a peasant and craftsman class and created large numbers of wandering workers no longer tied to the accustomed tasks which had claimed them for centuries.

5. Finally—and this is a bitter and sinister point—the slave trade, started by Venice and Genoa in their great days, pursued by the Portuguese and Spanish adventurers, and at last brought to a perfection of organization and profitableness by the English, established a condition and a point of view both of which were of profound significance. The condition was a cheap, mobile, and abject labor supply in various new geographical areas—the prerequisite for mass production. The point of view inevitably followed. The generality of men were cattle, divinely appointed to furnish cream for their betters and only sufficient skimmed milk for themselves to keep breath in their bodies. An age that considered an African Negro as so much merchandise had little difficulty in enlarging this definition to cover poor people at home and manual workers generally.

On this fatal foundation the new system came. In coal mining, in iron smelting, in textiles, in pottery it came. Remember, ye Pollyannas who write histories of great inventors, of labor-saving devices, and of Progress, remember that your progress was built on the soft bones and the tender flesh of little children; on the decayed lungs of all those who died from potters' rot; on a workday which began at five in the morning and ended at eight at night; on an ugliness indescribable, on a desolation unbounded, and on a cruelty which the fiends of hell must have envied.

The Hammonds, with their introduction laid, tell the story of the coming of the machine to England, carrying the history up to about 1860. By that time the unbelievable swineries of the early capitalists had been somewhat modified by the trade unions which their wanton cruelty inevitably created and by Acts of Parliament which broke the sacred nonsense of laissez-faire and let a little humanity, a little sanitation and fresh air into those first awful factories. By the Act of 1833, amidst universal protestations of national calamity and ruin by the majority of the propertied interests, the working hours of children under twelve years of age were limited to nine per day. "Opponents of the Ten Hours Bill had discovered that England's manufacturing supremacy depended on 30,000 little girls."

The authors are much more cool and scholarly in the face of the evidence than is your reviewer. They are content to tell the facts, both technological and human, without undue heat. They make vivid and interesting the coming of transport, of steam power, of iron, of pottery, of cotton—all with admirable and careful documentation. But when their mood of tolerance breaks down it is replaced by such magnificent cadences as these. No better single paragraph on the industrial system has ever, to my mind, been written:

> Thus England asked for profits and received profits. Everything turned to profit. The towns had their profitable dirt, their profitable smoke, their profitable slums, their profitable disorder, their profitable ignorance, their profitable despair. The curse of Midas was on this society: on its corporate life, on its common mind, on the decisive and impatient step it had taken from the peasant to the industrial age. For the new town was not a home where man could find beauty, happiness, leisure, learning, religion, the influences that civilize outlook and habit, but a bare and desolate place, without color, air, or laughter, where man, woman, and child worked, ate, and slept. This was to be the lot of the mass of mankind; this the sullen rhythm of their lives. The new factories and the new furnaces were like the Pyramids, telling of man's enslavement rather than of his power, casting their long shadows over the society that took such pride in them.

Even so they cast their somber shadows over Passaic today and over half the world. The physical degradation abates a little, but the spiritual degradation of the machine grows more remorseless with the years.

STUART CHASE

American Plan

Best Short Stories of the World. Edited with an Introduction by Konrad Bercovici. Boston: The Stratford Company. $2.50.

Transatlantic Stories. With an Introduction by Ford Madox Ford. The Dial Press. $2.50.

Great Short Stories of the World. Edited by Barrett H. Clark and Max Lieber. Robert M. McBride and Company. $5.

The Best Short Stories of 1925. Edited by Edward J. O'Brien. Small, Maynard and Company. $2.50.

The Best French Short Stories of 1924-1925. Edited by Richard Eaton. Small, Maynard and Company. $2.50.

The Best Continental Short Stories of 1924-1925. Edited by Richard Eaton. Small, Maynard and Company. $2.65.

POPULARITY is the god of the short story and great are his profits, but his prophets are only second best. Their efforts to indicate the forces or beliefs that might make the motives of this religion reputable invariably and ludicrously end in failure. Now the pedantic and aesthetic claptrap about the short story reaches its zenith of absurdity in Mr. Bercovici's dictum, "I believe the short story to be the highest form of literary art," at a time when the average product in this medium sinks to the nadir of literary value.

"No other literary form," continues Mr. Bercovici, "exacts so much intense concentration on subject and form. No other form permits so little padding. The inner life of a short story, the style, the value of the theme, and the construction of its characters must be of one piece with the directness and the straightness of the line running through it." With all due respect to Mr. Bercovici's excellent stories, Piffle!

The facts and reasons why the American short story is what it is—and it is significant that some of our best short stories must be published abroad—are simple, obvious, and commercial. Today a mediocre writer of short stories will be paid anywhere from $1,500 to $250 for the results of his creative energy depending on whether his agent can convince the *Saturday Evening Post* that the MS. has the punch, pep, and plot to be popular with two million readers or whether he must fall back on *Spiffkin's Needlework Review* with the selling argument that it is an inoffensive inspirational tale fit for the whole family. The same author would get a maximum advance royalty of $500 for a novel containing ten times as many words and demanding fifty times the expenditure of energy. To a large extent the situation is repeated in Europe; in America moreover the writer has before him a vision of the fabulous prices which are paid to such impresarios for immature intellects as Fannie Hurst and Irvin Cobb.

Not the literary form, then, but this tabloid-minded reader, not aesthetic integrity but the editor's blue pencil exacts the swift scenario of sensational and sentimental incidents which constitutes the popular short story whose "intense concentration" Mr. Bercovici admires in his introduction but avoids in his choice of stories. For, despite his eloquent but inconsistent pleading, the tales chosen by him, with the exception of Poe's artificial Gold Bug, are sufficiently deserving of their

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title to be convincing proof against his generalizations. Similarly, the best stories in the other volumes under review, including almost every literature in the world, achieve their greatness quite irrespective of his formula.

Some years ago Mr. O'Brien, confounded by the aesthetic explanations of his collaborator, cried out in desperation, "The short story is a story which is short!" Not only his own anthology but the "Great Short Stories of the World" bears out this definition. From the earliest times until correspondence courses put short-story writing on a business basis authors—careless, mad wags that they were—permitted their subjects to determine the technique. Even Anatole France, I suspect, who, allowing for the foreign scale of things, earned a comfortable income, was not aware that the brevity of his tales ought to have been due to the specific consideration of only one action rather than to a multitude of incidents barely developed. So do foreigners ignore the latest and most approved methods for successful merchandising, or, noticing, dismiss them as nonsense. No wonder Mr. Eaton must discipline some of them by announcing that the stories of his French anthology "have been graded on a basis of 75 per cent for literary value in France and 25 per cent for conformity with the principles of the American Short Story."

And now comes Mr. Ford destroying Anglo-Saxon unity and what not by printing these impractical stories simply because they have in them what he calls "the root of the matter." Yet it is obvious that the distinction which characterizes the work in "Transatlantic Stories" is not due to the moral values which have actuated the choice of Mr. Eaton. Humorous, somber, or tragic, they are all studies in disillusionment, echoing the vigorous emotional appreciation of futility that is in Shakespeare, not the miasmic, sweetly sickish reaction to helplessness of Maeterlinck. Slight though most of them are—and that is their marked failing—these stories constitute the best anthology of the lot, and of the year.

The most valuable volume for the student is, of course, "Great Short Stories of the World," a collection of 177 tales including the earliest as well as the latest narratives, thus presenting the background and the continuity necessary to a thorough understanding of the contemporary short story. Mr. O'Brien produces, as usual, an interesting volume combining both the well-made story and the artistic expression of American life and mixing, as usual, such sterling freshness as Ring Lardner's Haircut with such cheap commonplace as Milton Waldman's The Home Town. Mr. Eaton offers good and often exceedingly amusing continental stories built in the main on the American model.

JOHAN J. SMERTENKO

Portrait of Spain

Virgin Spain. By Waldo Frank. Boni and Liveright. $3.

A WORLD in transition, a society which has lost its old gods and has not yet found new, turns avidly to the study of biography and history; asks what men of other ages found to live by; how the spirit that was within them worked upon their environment and how that environment worked upon their spirit. In response to this desire we have had a flood of biographies. And in response to it Mr. Frank offers us a humanistic history, a portrait which has taken for its subject a nation. He begins by showing us in the countries from which they come all the peoples who are finally to converge in Spain. He tries, and often with brilliant success, to transport his reader bodily to those countries, to convey the quality of their sunshine, the feeling of their winds, "their sterile hills in perennial motion," their sand that "by some magic teems with forms of flesh," their market-places, mosques, and cafes, their men whose "sunbaked faces stare within their hoods" and whose "legs are like the tendoned legs of some great bird." He shows us begging, snatching children weaving "through the intricate

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clamor" with their blind eyes, ravaged flesh, and hard voices; he shows us ancient women "with foul rags to bind their bulging udders and their bony legs"; he makes us hear the metallic song of a blind beggar, "sparse like shreds of grass on a sand hump," "single of key, terrible in singleness," and the sunset cry of the muezzin from the mosque: "Allah is Great . . . I affirm there is no God save only Allah."

So too the Berbers in the Moghreb. And the Jews.

When Arabs, Christians, Copts reached Spain their "first pause was a smiling world . . . Here had been Tartessos, the Tarshish of the thunder of Isaiah . . . whose greatness was synchronous with Crete. Here had been Phoenician Malaca and Gades, cities famous for their gay vice. Here had been Baetican Rome, birthplace of Seneca and of the Stoic mind which in reality was Spanish. Here, from Babylon, came the urgent Jews among the indolent Visigoths. A smiling world. On the breasts of the Sierra, groves of olive and of cork. In the valleys rivers that were veins of wealth. . . . Now within this mellowness, the harsh idea born of the desert dearth."

The first result of this encounter is the rich civilization of Cordoba. Christian, Jew, and Moslem live side by side. But as Islam moves north it encounters, in fact it begets, the Catholic Reconquest. And so the scene is set and the great drama begins. But to understand the drama we must also understand Aragon, where "if anywhere is the aboriginal Spaniard, unchanged as his mountains . . . small weazened men with heads like nuts and eyes like iron." We must understand Castile, Castile of Isabel with her medieval passion to make the world Catholic, Castile of El Greco, of Philip II, of Velasquez. And understanding these we shall perhaps better understand Don Quixote, who symbolizes, if we are to believe Unamuno and Mr. Frank, Spain's belated attempt to make the medieval ideal prevail in a world that has listened to reason. Don Quixote is "laughter-spotted, blood-spotted. Reason bespatters him and makes him comic. . . . But we, laughing betimes at Quixote . . . have for five hundred years been struggling to construct our house with materials equally inadequate."

The stage is set and the drama begins when Isabel leaves her child-bed and welds Spain into one. Like the Jesuits, the Communists, the capitalists of America she desires unity, and it is the tragedy of Spain that she succeeds, achieving homogeneity as well. "By the too literal achievement of kings and mystics the vital forces of a vital land lock as in sleep." For centuries they have been locked in sleep, but there are signs of an awakening, in a Europe wearied of its modernism. There is a rift in Barcelona, which was never really Spain. The Basque was never molded into that homogeneous mass. There are Unamuno and Picasso and Jimenez.

Such, hastily indicated, are the lineaments of the portrait. In it we can disentangle many of the ideas of Unamuno, subtly changed as they have passed through Mr. Frank's mind, and of that "perfervid Spanish humanist" Menendez de Pelayo. It would perhaps be caviling to suggest that the sources of the various interpretations, or that opposing ones, be given. There is the literary portrait, like Boswell's Johnson, which the reader puts together for himself out of the sources; and there is the finished, currently popular one which the reader accepts on faith. Mr. Frank gives us the latter, with so much skill, so much subtle discernment, and so much passion that criticism is disarmed. He is a yea-sayer, a maker of many assertions, and these assertions graze interestingly the mysteries through which man walks unseeing.

To be sure he is often carried away by his own rhythms, his own moods. As an artist he is often impatient. Fine writing still seduces him. His method is seen at its best and its worst in the description of the bull fight. He gives us not the thing in itself but what he thinks is the significance of the thing itself. Compared with Ernest Hemingway's magnificent bull-fight story, this lush and fluid prose seems rhetorical, though Mr. Frank does not neglect, as Mr. Hemingway does, to explain that the Verónica is "an allusion to the handkerchief of the saint which smoothed the sweat from the forehead of the Christ." These, I say, are ungrateful cavilings. For here in the flood of ephemeral books is one that is concerned with the mystery of life; that uses wit and learning, pity and wisdom, and passion and craftsmanship to bring this mystery close to us.

ALICE BEAL PARSONS

The Next War

The Origin of the Next War. By John Bakeless. The Viking Press. $2.50.

> The World War did not end war, for there has been war ever since. Did it end our blindness to the cause of war? Is it possible that we are still refusing, like those blind men who were ourselves in the strange, far-off days before 1914, to heed the crises that ought to be our warnings? Are we deaf to the voices that try to point them out to us? In other words, is the world very much as it always was, and is it likely to go the same dreadful road it went before?

THIS searching book is an answer to the above questions, and it is an answer to confound the optimist. Its author is not a man to be fooled. He pays his compliments to "the ferocious patriots safe and sound in comfortable clubs at home" during war time, refuses to "overestimate the value of a statesman's pledge," knows that the violation of Belgium was only "a first-class refrain for recruiting sergeants who might have experienced considerable difficulty in elucidating the true inwardness of the relations between the French and British general staffs," recognizes "civilized nations" as simply "industrial nations with large armies or navies, or with both," declares that "the war was fought for the sake of economic prizes," sees that mandates in Palestine and Iraq are only devices for "making sure that no great military power of the future shall encroach as Germany and Russia once began to encroach in lands that threaten either India or the route to India," and confesses that "the Washington Conference did nothing more than remove a few instruments of naval warfare which may turn out in the end to have been the least important ones." With realistic vision, he looks at the world and discovers an "essential identity between pre- and post-war conditions."

The "causes that produce all modern wars" are manifest to Mr. Bakeless's mind. These are fundamentally economic—"the growth of population, the need of colonies, markets, food and raw materials." These forces are now preparing the way for the next war. The areas are the Mediterranean; the Polish corridor, the Straits and Constantinople, and Bulgaria and Jugoslavia, where access to the sea is a burning question; Danzig, Tyrol, Rumania, Hungary, where irridentism festers like an open sore; and the Pacific, with its expanding Japan and its awakening China. In all of these places the next war is preparing today exactly as the last war was preparing in similar places from 1900 to 1914; the same crises are coming along, one after another; and all leading to an ultimate catastrophe as definitely foreseen and prophesied by well-informed observers in our time as by the same kind of observers two decades ago. We have read few things more impressive than Mr. Bakeless's parallel between yesterday and today.

Mr. Bakeless wants us to face the facts. He is alarmed at the easy way in which we are drifting back into the fool's paradise of a peaceful world, especially in view of the indescribable horrors of destruction and death which another war will let loose upon the world. Many readers will complain that Mr. Bakeless's analysis is defective on the bright side—that he fails to recognize, for example, the changed mind of the world incident to the experience of the Great War itself, or to take into account such new agencies of peace as the

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World Court and the League of Nations. But he has not forgotten such new factors in the situation; he simply thinks that they are brakes which will not hold when the hour of supreme crisis comes.

What we can do Mr. Bakeless does not say—this is another story for another book. He believes, however, that the remedies are simple, including among other things the suppression of "the peace-at-any-price folk." But he has as little confidence, apparently, as the most skeptical militarist that the intelligence and good-will necessary to apply these remedies can ever be found. Who knows but what in such a desperate situation, "the peace-at-any-price folk," folk of the Jesus and the Gandhi type, are what we need? Why not try Christianity?

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES

Indian Agent Sense

Indians of the Enchanted Desert. By Leo Crane. Little, Brown and Company. $5.

IT is not for former Indian Agent Crane's picturesque and sensitive descriptions of the life and the setting of life in the other-world of the Southwest—a continent within a continent and the only region of the States in which an American can for the moment forget his noisy nationality—it is not primarily for these, capital as they are, that his book will be read and remembered. It is for another picture, hardly consciously drawn, etched with the acid of experience—the picture of an officious and stupid Washington, headless and heartless and cumbrously enmeshed in its own tapes, governing the "wards of the nation" without concern for aught but the political side-lines.

Mr. Crane himself came out of that Washington, as he tells us, going two thousand miles to the west, to the Navahos of Arizona, in quest of health. He found better than a decade's work in the "Desert Empire," for the greater portion among the remote villages of the Hopi. That he left them vastly better than he found them, in rights and resources, that he did a clean job and carried it through with all the joy an honest man may find in such a task, this his book shows, for he has no unreasonable modesty; and it shows also that what he did was with thanks to himself and to those dim collaborators whom he found on the spot. One must add, too, that what he records with justifiable pride of his own work as Indian agent is meant for something more than a personal declaration; it is meant to remind us of the fact that there is such a thing in our history as an Indian Service, and that there are men and deeds in its annals that deserve the public gratitude. He does not gloss over the inept and wicked chapters in these annals; but he does make it clear enough that the primary source of the ineptness and the wickedness has not been in the field—where the voiceless and ill-recompensed workers have for the most part done their best.

Of course the primary requisite in such a task as that of Indian Agent is a combination of courteous consideration and firm direction which can only be the issue of intelligent character. To the reservation Indian the average white man, says Mr. Crane, is a combination of astounding rudeness and childish curiosity; and he made it his own rule to pry into no secrets belonging to that part of a man's life which he has a right to keep his own—his ideas, for instance—where a better interest was not at stake. He respected native ceremonies and beliefs, and refused, for example, to become officious upon receiving a nervous Washington dispatch directing him to forbid the wholly innocent Hopi Snake Dance. He realized, what a little sane reflection should make all realize, that the truest cement of any society is in the ritualizations of its life; it is rituals that hold men up, whether they be religious ceremonies or civic habits of obedience to law. Above all in societies, such as the Indian tribal societies now are, where

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profound change is taking place and new ideals of life are all too rapidly effacing the old, the one brake that can hold back disaster—disaster all too often it has been—is a conservative affection for what is best in the old life.

That there has been in the old life also a worse along with the better—for the Indian is a man—it is the business of the agent to know. Mr. Crane established hospitals, diminished disease, sought out pure water, got the children into schools and introduced them to hygiene, and perhaps most of all is remembered gratefully for safe-guarding to the desert dwellers a few of the rights still remaining titularly theirs—though their chief defense and their best reliance are the remoteness and unproductiveness of their lands. Life has been for centuries hard-wrung from the arid lands of the Southwest; there is an epic quality in the long struggle of the bronze-hued maize-growers to maintain themselves in a land niggardly in all things save loveliness. But at the end it appears as if the tale could turn only into meanness; for the white is still approaching with covetous eyes. The last barrier is the conscientious agent, held in leash by a stupid Washington.

HARTLEY ALEXANDER

Dated

The Twilight of the Gods. By Richard Garnett. The Blue Jade Library. Alfred A. Knopf. $3.

"THE Twilight of the Gods" initiates us into the tone and temper of the original Garnett, the father of the critic and the grandfather of the author of "Lady into Fox." On more than one account this old gentleman of the British Museum is to be revered and remembered. Besides being a distinguished scholar he was, so I have often been informed by Ralph Shirley, the late editor of the *Occult Review*, well versed in the obscure science of astrology, and as stout a believer in it as was ever Robert Burton himself.

Before commenting upon the present collection of tales I would like to remark that they have for an introduction an almost perfect example of the kind of chatty writing which ought never to be allowed to appear in print. "Incidentally this (the British Museum) is the best place in London to lose an acquired or embarrassing umbrella. It costs no more than the pain of carrying off a brass disk; and that's not all loss, for there is one special pattern of slot machine in which these disks perform miracles." The exasperation one feels after reading stuff of that kind hardly puts one in the right mood for appreciating what is to follow. And, indeed, the style of writing of these sketches does rather hopelessly date them.

Richard Garnett possessed the mind of a schoolman, and many of his sentences do not lack that harmless flicker of fading humor which one associates with the decorous pedantry of polite, bookish old men. In the words of the same shameless introducer: "This book will make you chuckle; nothing vulgar." Will I perhaps be giving the reader an unjust impression of the volume if I say that after one has read it one's soul pants for vulgarity, for the vulgarity of Mr. Monty Flagg, for example, for the vulgarity of anything that would break in upon the prevailing decorum? The prose is a correct prose and Richard Garnett knew well enough how to make use of beautiful old English words, like the word "sooth," but as was the case with Kinglake and many another Victorian writer his very best periods seem curiously the product of an official armchair.

The fact is the book is dull. One wearies of the particular species of veiled facetiousness that it offers. The irony is all right, but it is such a very mild variety of irony. These jests that come to one filtered through books, many of them more than two thousand years old, are provocative of an infinite lassitude. One longs to be refreshed by the grossest incident of common life, longs to see old mother Witty drop her basket of eggs because a slowworm crosses the goose path to the dairy, longs to see Jimmy Geard vault over the wall by the yew tree because Dick the bull looks out of the barton; longs, in fact, for anything at all that has the tang of actual life in it.

Prometheus released at last from his bondage on "the summit of the supreme peak of the Caucasus" encounters a certain celebrated goddess and inquires of her how she has fared during the long period of her captivity. She answers: "The Oceanides ministered to me, Hermes came now and then, *even Hercules left a card on me;* but I never saw Pandora." The italics are mine.

Yet in spite of such tiresome playfulness Garnett can never make a quotation from the classics without betraying, even through his academic levity, a deep appreciation of those great writers whose sense of style has never been and will never be surpassed. "Much more, nevertheless, had Elenko to teach Prometheus than she could learn from him. How trivial seemed the history of the gods to what he now heard of the history of men! Were these, indeed, the beings he had known 'like ants in the sunless recesses of caves, dwelling deep-burrowing in the earth, ignorant of the signs of the seasons,' to whom he had given fire and whom he had taught memory and number, for whom he had 'brought the horse under the chariot, and invented the sea-beaten, flaxen-winged chariot of the sailor'"? After all, it is seldom given to modern writing to remind us of the astounding poetry contained in such passages!

LLEWELYN POWYS

The Minoan Religion

A History of Greek Religion. By Martin P. Nilsson. Translated from the Swedish by F. J. Fielden. With a Preface by Sir James C. Frazer. Oxford University Press. $2.45.

PROFESSOR NILSSON'S book is secure of a wide and warm welcome because it fills, and fills conscientiously, a real need. It is the only compact and on the whole adequate statement that we possess of the facts of Minoan and Mycenaean religion; and the statement is presented by one who is a patient and most cautious investigator in that interesting and fruitful field.

If, then, we close the book with a certain sense of disappointment, why is it? For one thing there is a lack of unity. The several chapters, on Minoan-Mycenaean Religion, on Origins of Greek Mythology, on Homeric Anthropomorphism, on Legalism and Mysticism, on Civic Religion, and the like have each their several interest but they build up no collective whole; they might follow one another in any other order without serious damage. No living picture emerges. In a word, the author lacks structural grip, the instinct of plot; and the result is lifeless.

The book suffers from another defect. Professor Nilsson never fairly faces the question cardinal to any discussion of religion: What is the real origin of these multifarious gods, what their actual psychological basis? Till this is settled no real advance can be made. The defect is the more disappointing in that the author lets drop in passing a sentence which shows that he knows the truth, only he will not or from caution and traditionalism cannot apply it. He says: "A general view of the Greek pantheon ... must break with the traditional ideas. It must be based upon the proposition that *man's needs create the gods*" (the italics are mine). Never was truer word spoken!

But having formulated the principle the author drops it and goes his way. Take his analysis of Poseidon. Here he is confronted by the old puzzle. Poseidon is not only primarily the sea god, he is the bull god and the horse god. The author takes refuge in an old, flimsy subterfuge: "The currents of rivers and the waves of the sea to many peoples' imagination take the forms of bulls and horses. Do we not ourselves metaphorically speak of white horses?" What has become of the great principle? *Man's needs create the gods;* they are

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the *projection* of his desires. Apply it and all is clear. Poseidon is an old Cretan divinity of a primitive agricultural and later seafaring population. The bull is naturally the sacred animal of the agriculturist; the kings of Crete in their ritual actually wore a bull's mask; each king was a Mino-taur, a Mino's bull. Later when the Cretans went to Libya they annexed the horse and Poseidon Taureios became Hippios; so much is clear from Cretan sealings. Still later the bull god sailed the mainland and became Thalassocrat Poutomedon, but he never dropped his bull shape till he climbed Olympus. In a word, all the diverse conflicting aspects of Poseidon are reconciled if we view him as a development of the Minotaur, the expression, the projection of the needs of a people like ourselves, a people who are agriculturists, cattle rearers, horse tamers, merchants —thalassocrats.

It is matter for regret that this book on Greek religion was published just before two other books of cardinal importance, Professor Macurdy's "Troy and Paeonia" and Mr. Arthur Bernard Cook's second volume of "Zeus." Necessarily Professor Nilsson could not avail himself of the flood of light thrown on primitive religion by both writers—by Professor Macurdy on the origins of Apollo and Artemis and by Mr. Cook on the whole primitive Greek cosmogony. Take the pillar-cult. With marvelous imaginative insight Mr. Cook has seen the true significance of these sacred pillars. They are an integral part of man's primitive cosmogony. Hesiod tells us that before the Olympians were the elder gods Ouranos and Gaia. Man stood with his feet planted on mother earth (Gaia) and above him was the arch of heaven (Ouranos). But a great fear was upon him lest heaven should fall and crush him; so he proceeds to shove up the sky with pillars, and thus he is safe. This cosmogony is confirmed by the astonishing discovery at Delphi of the actual omphalos or center-stone of Gaia. In it is pierced a hole which must have served to support a sky pillar, and on it is incised the mysterious E of Delphi, which is but the inverted symbol of the sky with its three supporting pillars. Ouranos and Gaia faded before the Olympians, but in ancient ritual their memory survives. The initiated Orphic thus begins his avowal of faith: "I am the child of Earth and of starry Heaven."

We are grateful to Professor Nilsson for the collection and collation of many interesting facts and for some fertile suggestions. But the life-history of Minoan religion is still to write.

JANE E. HARRISON

Alta California

The Old Mission Churches and Historic Houses of California. By Rexford Newcomb. J. B. Lippincott Company. $15.

THEY say that in the art room of the New York Public Library a special table has had to be set aside for material on Spanish and Mexican architecture, so great is the vogue of that style today. Everywhere its effects may be seen; not only in California, where its roots are deep, or in Florida, where cheap and often tawdry adaptations flaunt their parti-colored stucco from booming "developments," but even in our Northern suburbs; even in the showrooms of the most conservative furniture dealers.

It is at a particularly fortunate time, therefore, that this book appears; and its sound research and careful appreciation should be now particularly valuable. For the first time the reader is able to grasp the significance of the Spanish work in California; for the first time there is presented a thorough and readable account of its historical background. It is a fascinating story, one that is already growing its legends of miracles—this penetration from Mexico northward. All sorts of obstacles, material and human, could not hold the Franciscans back. Unsympathetic secular governors were powerless against them, and the last thirty years of the eighteenth cen-

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tury witnessed the complete occupation of hundreds of miles of coast all the way from San Diego to San Francisco. The secret of the rapidity of this penetration was, of course, the secret of all Spanish colonization in America—Indian education and a consequent development of basic friendship and co-operation.

But in Alta California this process necessarily went further than in Mexico. The missionaries and soldiers and European settlers were fewer; the centers of wealth and culture further away. Mr. Newcomb's chapters on Materials and Construction and on the Development of Mission Architecture are particularly valuable in showing how this circumstance affected California architecture; how gradually Spanish-Mexican methods and forms become simplified and transformed under new conditions. There is one point, however, that needs further study. That is the continuance of a vital Spanish Baroque tradition in California well into the nineteenth century.

The Capilla Reál at Monterey is an instance. It is dated 1794, and it is much the most elaborately Baroque of them all; to it a transept was added in 1858 with a rich door that one is at a loss to place. Is it, in 1858, a residue of the continuing Spanish tradition, or is it the beginning of modern archaeological eclecticism? In it the two seem to merge; strangely disturbing to the critical mind, it joins all of the thronging, often futile, modern efforts to create beauty through archaeology to a tradition that was born centuries ago. This late continuance of Baroque is perhaps due to the fact that Alta California was a backwater, or that it received its culture second-hand from Spain through Mexico. Perhaps the priests merely sought to imitate as closely as they could churches already a hundred years and more old which they had known and loved in Mexico. But the fact remains that the Chapel of San Carlos Borromeo, purely Baroque, dates from 1797, that San Juan Capistrano was not completed till 1806, that much of the work now existing, like the Church of San Luis Rey, was later than 1812.

The descriptions of the individual Missions make all these matters of dating clear. In their preparation real scholarship is evident, and originality of research as well. Mr. Newcomb, for instance, finds in a Spanish edition of Vitruvius, still in the Mission Library, the very plate that is the source of the Ionic order, with its fret-decorated frieze, of the front of the church at Santa Barbara; and in the same book the origin of the strange Indian thunder-bird patterns painted on the wooden ceiling. What a history for an ornament! The thunder-bolt of Zeus, coupled to the winged distaff in a Doric cornice, suddenly seized upon by Indian painters, enlarged, modified, and reappearing as the true Indian symbol on the ceiling of a Christian church!

The chapters on old houses make clear one of the secrets of the living beauty of this old California Spanish work. Without any attempt at the monumental design of the churches, without ornament, they are simple to the last degree. Yet in them all there is a charm that is not only age. It is the charm of simple materials rightly used, of forms that harmonize with the climate, of good, unostentatious craftsmanship, of proportions quiet and harmonious. It is because these qualities are so universal in the Missions that they are buildings to love, despite naive crudities galore.

It is to be hoped that this is the message which designers who mull over the Spanish books on the special table aforementioned in the library will get, and that they will largely neglect Mr. Newcomb's last chapter on modern Hispanic architecture—obviously an attempt to give a work of real scholarship a modern "appeal" and "selling value"—with its queer hash of examples from the lovely simplicity of Mr. Smith's house at Santa Barbara to the terrible fake belfries of the Arlington Hotel.

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Books in Brief

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Poetry and Criticism. By Edith Sitwell. Henry Holt and Company. $1.50.

A poet's rebuke to her ignorant reviewers, and to all of this or any time—but chiefly this—who talk about poetry as if it were the least rather than the most intricate of the arts.

The Mind of John Keats. By Clarence Dewitt Thorpe. Oxford University Press. $5.

A timely if somewhat elaborate reminder that the thing to understand in Keats is not his senses but his sense.

Amerikanische Lyrik. Uebersetzt von Toni Harten-Hoencke. München: Kunstwartverlag Georg D. W. Callwey.

An interesting and discriminating survey for German readers of American lyric poetry between Bryant and Leonora Speyer.

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The Newgate Calendar. Introduction by Henry Savage. Hartford, Connecticut: Edwin Valentine Mitchell.

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The New Natural History. By J. Arthur Thomson. Volume I. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

The first of three volumes by a popularizer of science whose stock, through the "Outline of Science" and other works, has been presented so often that it now begins to look a little shopworn. But there is still a vast deal for the beginner in the present opulent though scarcely organized volume.

History of Medieval Philosophy. By Maurice De Wulf. Translated by Ernest C. Messenger. Vol. I: *From the Beginnings to Albert the Great.* Longmans, Green and Company. $5.

This, the second English translation to date of a standard work, is based upon the fifth French edition, which Professor De Wulf has drastically revised.

A Brazilian Mystic: Being the Life and Miracles of Antonio Conselheiro. By R. B. Cunninghame Graham. The Dial Press. $4.

Doughty Deeds; An Account of the Life of Robert Graham of Gartmore, 1735-1797. By R. B. Cunninghame Graham. The Dial Press. $3.75.

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part of his life in Jamaica, and his letters from there are not uninteresting; but his descendant has executed a biography without form or especial meaning.

Fortieth Annual Report of the Bureau of American Ethnology. Washington: Government Printing Office.

Contains five most valuable studies of the Fox Indians by Truman Michelson, the chief in importance being that of the White Buffalo Dance and the next a transcript and translation of a Fox Indian woman's autobiography.

The Life and Works of Edward Coote Pinkney. By Thomas Ollive Mabbott and Frank Lester Pleadwell. The Macmillan Company. $2.

Though Pinkney is a minor American poet, and a faded one, his biographers have rendered a genuine service in this painstaking work.

The Letters of Sir Walter Raleigh: 1879-1922. Edited by Lady Raleigh. With a preface by David Nichol Smith. Two volumes. The Macmillan Company. $7.

Sir Walter Raleigh was perhaps the most humane of the British professor-critics who bridged the gap between pedantry and journalism during the past generation. He was neither a great writer nor a great man, but in both capacities he was gifted and engaging; and these letters should be his permanent memorial.

A Dictionary of European Literature. Designed as a Companion to English Studies. By Laurie Magnus. E. P. Dutton and Company. $10.

A daring compilation, and useful so far as it goes, including, as it does, concise biographies of leading European authors between the twelfth and twentieth centuries and still more concise discussion of literary movements and topics during that time. A student who is so unfortunate as not to own a "Britannica" will not do ill to obtain this bulky volume.

Thirteen Epistles of Plato. Introduction, Translation, and Notes by L. A. Post. Oxford University Press. $1.70.

A welcome addition to the Oxford Translation Series. Mr. Post, after a discussion of the authenticity of these famous letters, gives them in faithful and distinctly readable English.

The Kasîdah of Hâjî Abdû El-Yezdî. Translated and Annotated by Sir Richard Burton and illustrated by John Kettelwell. Brentano's. $2.50.

A new edition of the "Lay of the Higher Law," which Lady Burton said her husband wrote before Fitzgerald published his "Omar." The illustrations are absurdly in the 1890 mode.

The Theory of Poetry. By Lascelles Abercrombie. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.75.

This volume contains both "The Theory of Poetry" and "The Idea of Great Poetry," two valuable works of criticism which have been known for some time in England. The author, a scholar and a poet, examines the most elusive of the arts with fruitful intelligence and care. He does not say everything; but everything he says is true.

Modern French Poetry: An Anthology. Compiled and Translated by Joseph T. Shipley. Greenberg, Publisher. $3.

This book has no rival in English, and it should long be useful. Nearly a hundred poets between Victor Hugo and the Dadaists are represented in Mr. Shipley's kaleidoscopic collection, the merit of which can be best appreciated by those who know modern French verse in all its baffling variety. One might have asked for fewer poets and a more generous selection from each—Rimbaud, for instance, appears in only two pieces; yet one will not quarrel with a translator who has done so much work so well.

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